

Old Sleuth Library

BONANZA BARDIE; Or, THE TREASURE OF THE ROCKIES.
By OLD SLEUTH. First Half.

A SERIES OF THE MOST THRILLING DETECTIVE STORIES EVER PUBLISHED.

No. 42

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FIRST HALF.

CHAPTER I.

"HALT!"

A dark figure had just issued from a tunnel, through which the great Prince of Wales Road passes in Ireland, when four other dark figures suddenly leaped forward, and the one word "Halt!" sounded upon the night air.

It was a startling tableau that was presented at that moment under the moonlight in that white road, with the mouth of the tunnel as a dark background, and the distant hills, lying still further back, in their rugged austerity.

The figure that emerged from the tunnel was that of a stalwart young man, and it was evident from his motions as he stepped out under the broad moonlight that he was anticipating pursuit, as he moved cautiously, and ever and anon cast furtive glances backward, as though expecting some foe to spring upon him; but instead his enemies confronted him in the persons of four of the rural constabulary, and as the command to halt was uttered two rifles were aimed at the young man's breast, and their glittering barrels gleamed under the rays of the moon.

The young man was cool as a cucumber, as the saying goes, under the thrilling circumstances. He did not recoil or utter an outcry of alarm, but a close observer would have noticed a steady, clear gleam in his eyes, as in a firm voice he said, speaking with a rich and mellifluous brogue:

"Lower yer guns. Would yees shoot a man down in cowl'd blood?"

"We know ye, Bardie O'Connor, and ye'll down on yer knees and up wid yer hands, or, man, we'll shoot."

"Ye call me Bardie O'Connor?"

"We do, and we know ye well, although you're gotten up in the garb of the boatman down at Bayside."

"Faith, if yees hev that idea in yer heads it's no use for me to stand here arguing wid yees so yees can lower yer guns."

"Will ye surrender?"

"Well, don't yees see I will? What else would I do when yees hev that crowd behind yees there?"

As the young man spoke he raised his hands, and suddenly leaning forward, pointed as though there were others behind the constables. The latter turned, and that momentary inattention proved fatal to their purpose, for quick as a flash the man whom they had commanded to halt drew a long stick which he had evidently held concealed at his side, and with the quickness of a practiced swordsman he got to work. He leaped forward between the barrels of the two rifles, and ere the assailed knew what was to occur, both men received a welt upon the head that stretched them senseless upon the road, and the other two were tapped as quickly, ere they had time to raise their rifles, even to use them as clubs.

The assailant proved himself to be not only a man of extraordinary strength, but also one possessed of remarkable quickness and agility, as within five seconds from the period when he struck his first foe, he had all four lying helpless in the dust, and leaping over their prostrate bodies he started along the road at a running pace so swift as to defy pursuit.

The fugitive ran for about a mile, when he came to where the road made a turn around a rocky bluff. Here he came to a halt, and after waiting a moment he put his fingers to his lips and there issued forth a shrill whistle, and the next instant there came an answering whistle, and still a moment later there stood before him a grotesque-looking figure.

"Teddy, is that you?"

"Begorra, Bardie, but it's no one else."

"And hev ye the jaunting-car at hand?"

"I hev."

"Where?"

"A small bit of a piece down the road."

"Well, it's at once we'll flit, me lad; for it's not ten minutes ago I had a tussle wid the constables."

"And did they overtake ye, Bardie, dear?"

"No; but they waylaid me, and they had their guns ranged on me, ready to blow off the top of me head, when I parleyed wid them a moment, and then I flung the stick ag'in their guns, and when they lay down to let me pass I just lept over them, and here I am."

"It's a wonder ye are, Bardie."

"We've no time for compliments, Teddy. Shure they'll be up and after me, or passin' the word along the line that Bardie O'Connor is flitting this way."

The two men hurried along down the road, and soon came to where a jaunting-car was halted beside a hedge. In a trice the horse was unhitched, the two men ascended to the seat and away the animal was put to his speed along the road, and so through the night the horse was driven at a good gait, until just before dawn he was brought to a halt, and the passenger, Bardie O'Connor, shook hands with the driver, and said:

"It's good-mornin' and it's good-bye, Teddy."

"And will ye take the train, Bardie?"

"No; it's by car I'll go to Queenstown."

"And will ye travel in the daylight?"

"That will be as circumstances direct, my lad. We can never tell what it before is at such times, but ye can moind this, I'll not be taken alive, and I've got in me head better than a dream to fix it there, that I'll be off safe and sound from me enemies ere Sunday night comin'."

"And we'll hear from ye when ye arrive in America?"

"Ye will hear from me through some of our friends, Teddy, dear; and now it's once again good-mornin' and good-bye."

"But, man, dear, ye are givin' yersel' away."

"Never fear, Teddy, ye can trust me. I'll be layin' low until night, and then I've a meetin' wid some one of our friends, and after that it's good-bye to old Ireland;" and in a low, but full rich voice, the fugitive sung:

"It may be for years and it may be forever—"

He stopped singing suddenly, for steps were heard, and without another word he darted into the bush beside the road and disappeared.

The driver of the jaunting-car heaved a sigh and urged his horse forward at a walk, when a pair of constables suddenly confronted him.

"Halt!" came the command.

"Let go the horse," called Teddy.

The men had halted the horse, and they stepped beside the driver's seat and fixed their eyes on the owner of the cart, demanding:

"Where did you come?"

"Where did I come from, are ye askin'?"

"Yes; where did you come?"

"Well, it's no secret; shure I came from Kenmare."

"And who were you talking to a moment ago?"

"Who was I talkin' to, are ye askin' me?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's no secret. Shure I was talkin' to Teddy Farrel."

"And who is Teddy?"

"I'm Teddy Farrel, at your service, me gay boys in yer fine clothes."

CHAPTER II.

THE constables put Teddy Farrel under a cross-fire of questions, but they learned nothing from him, and in good time the man drove on to Killarney, where he rested his horse and remained until late in the afternoon, when he started on his return to Bantry.

On the night following the incidents previously recorded, a man leaped the hedge surrounding the Herbert Mansion, and made his way past Muckross Abbey ruin to the shores of the lake, where he found a boat which he entered, and rowed himself over to the famous ruins of Innisfallen. As soon as he had reached the ruin, and passed beneath the ivy-buried arch that still remained of the long crumbling walls, he beheld a strange and weird sight. There were a dozen weird-looking figures gathered in the ruin; a solitary torch illumined the scene, but cast sufficient light to reveal the fact that the figures were clad in masks and long, black gowns, and were it not for the silence preserved an on-looker would have declared the *tout ensemble* as grotesque.

The man who had crossed in the boat, and who joined the strange group, was not disguised at all, and as the evening was warm he carried his coat upon his arm. As he stepped in the midst of the group of masked men, he said:

"Good evening, my good friends!"

And it was noticeable that there was a total absence of the brogue in his speech; his pronunciation being clear and fine, as is characteristic of an educated Irish gentleman.

"A foine greeting to ye, Bardie," replied one of the men, and they all gathered around him, and there followed hearty hand-shakings and many kind and encouraging words; and after the greetings one of the men stepped forward and said:

"Bardie, we've put together a small sum here in this purse, and we're asking you to accept it from your friends."

There was deep emotion in the tones of Bardie O'Connor's voice, as he said:

"I am very thankful to you, my good friends, for this offer of your good will and kindness; but I am more thankful that I'm not in need of it, as I have a fair supply of money to do me until I reach old America; and as I've succeeded in escaping the police we have good reason for making merry instead of looking as solemn as I know yees all do under your masks. It's indeed a dark day and poor times for Ireland, when a man's friends must come hooded and gowned at midnight to bid him a God-speed; but I tell you brighter days are coming, and I'll take this occasion to say a few words for myself. I am the true heir of the Bardell estates and all the factory interests thereunto, and the present holder of the same is no kin to me, nor has he the remotest right to a foot of the land or any of the buildings thereon; but he is in possession, and because he has wronged me and robbed me of my rights he has become my bitterest foe, and it is he who trumped up the charges against me. It was he who has made it appear that blood is on my hands, and it is he who has caused me to be hounded all over Ireland and who has compelled me at length to flee from my native land with a stain upon my name and not a penny, comparatively speaking, in my pocket. But, boys, it is his day now;

mine will come, and, if I live, some day I'll come into possession of my own with my name cleared and my honor fully established, and I will some day return to be a friend to my friends and also a good friend of old Ireland, my native land, which I so dearly love, and no new scenes will ever tear from my heart a recollection of either my friends or the land of my birth; and again, good friends, you need not feel sad on my account. Sure, I'm glad to go abroad for a season, and if there is any land on earth where I'd choose to make a temporary home that land is America, and now, to show yees I'm not sad at heart, but full of hope and bright anticipations, I'll sing yees one song, as when we were won't to hold our meetings for the fun and enjoyment we could coin out of them."

Bardie O'Connor did sing a brave, merry song in restrained tones, but his voice was sweet and clear, and when he had concluded one of the masked men said:

"Bardie, tell us one more story afore ye go from us?"

"I will," said Bardie, in a merry tone, and he asked: "Do yees all remember old Loughlan that lived back from Bantry Well? I well remember the time he died, but it is only the other day I heard the following story told by one who was present when he drew his last breath. Sure, men, the last moment he said to those around his bed:

"I've no fortune to lave yees, boys; all I hev is a few shillings, an' it would be of little lasting benefit to any one of yees, so I'll bequeath it to be spent in whisky at the toime of me funeral."

"Well, there came a moment's silence, when one of the friends, with the tears streaming down from his eyes, leaned over the dying man and asked:

"Is it going to the cemetery or coming home that we shall drink the whisky?" Well, boys, old Loughlan meditated a moment, and then in a merry tone for a dying man said:

"Yees, had better drink the whisky going to the cemetery, boys, for *I won't be wid yees coming back.*"

Bardie O'Connor was known as a good singer, a merry man, and a famous story teller, and his anecdote was received with a roar of laughter from his friends.

An hour passed, and at length Bardie O'Connor said:

"Well, my friends, it's time for me to be going."

There followed the hand-shaking once more, and the exchange of many kind and hopeful words, and the prospective immigrant at length, accompanied by one of the party, returned to his boat, and the two entered; and when in the middle of the lake, our hero's companion threw off his mask and gown, and stood revealed as attired like an old woman. Wig and all were to aid in the disguise.

"Well, well, Mike! what does this mean?" exclaimed Bardie, in surprise.

"Yer goin' to Cork?"

"I am."

"And from there to Queenstown?"

"I am."

"And the constables are on yer track?"

"I've good reason to know that."

"And that's why ye see me as I am, shure! I'm goin' wid ye; and it's me own plan I hev to carry ye safe to yer journey's end. And shure I'm yer ould woman now and yet my good man, and it's a foine foolin' we'll give the officers should any of them fall upon us by the way."

"Shure, Mike, your idea is a good one, but I can improve upon it."

"Ye can?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"It's mesel' will be the ould woman, an' ye shall be my ould man."

"As ye loike, Bardie, only that ye make shure to evade the police, for ye hev no idea how close the watch will be for ye."

The men made a change in the boat, and when both had assumed their disguises they were fair representatives of a good, honest old Irishman and his wife, and with that they pulled for the shore.

CHAPTER III.

UPON reaching the shore the two men stole across the meadow, and finally struck the road, when our hero's companion said:

"I've a jaunting-car all ready, and shure it's

a good ride we'll hev to Cork. I've plenty to ate and I've plenty to drink."

"Mike, you're a thoughtful friend, and I'll never forget ye."

"Shure, it's all yer friends hev shared in the thoughtfulness, and it was at joint expense we provided for your journey. We all love ye, Bardie, and we know ye are the true heir, and that ye were wronged of yer rights, and we'll all rejoice should the day come when ye will get possession of yer own."

A short time later an old man and old woman were driving along the road, and they jogged it until morning, and it was then for the first time they were halted by a couple of constables who encountered them upon the road.

"Here, stop where ye are," came the command.

The car was brought to a sudden halt.

"And where are yees going?" came the next question.

It was the old woman who undertook to be spokesman, and she said:

"Shure it's mane men ye are to stop us this way."

"Is it now?"

"It is."

"But we're stoppin' every one going this road."

"Yees are?"

"Yes."

"Well, then it's meaner ye are than I thought yees at first, to go stoppin' every one goin' on mindin' their own business, and it's only yersel's mindin' other people's business."

"Go on now, and let us hear no more of your opinions," said one of the constables.

The two travelers were glad to be ordered on, and in due time they reached the city of Cork, and still later our hero arrived at Queens-town, and for two days he was compelled to lay low, until Sunday, when a freight steamer, commonly called an ocean tramp, was compelled to stay over at the steamer port in order to make some repairs to her machinery.

The latter was the chance for which our hero had been waiting, and through the influence of friends he secured a position as fireman on the steamer, and on the following Monday morning bid adieu to the land of his birth.

We will here state that Bardell O'Connor was a remarkable man. He was but five-and-twenty at the time we first introduce him to our readers. He was a singularly handsome young fellow, well-educated, being a graduate of college, and was an accomplished linguist, he having been educated in France and Germany.

There was a great mystery surrounding our hero. He had never known father nor mother, and yet he had been reared in luxury by some secret friend or relative, but never had one word been whispered to him as concerned his real identity until the information came in a most remarkable and unexpected manner, and from a strange source, about a year preceding the opening of our narrative.

We have stated that Bardie had been reared in luxury, and that the supplies had come from some secret source. Such was the fact, and never had he stood face to face with his benefactor; but he received letters from him and instructions as to what he should do, and about the time our hero reached the age of one-and-twenty he received a very important letter from the same mysterious source as his previous letters and supplies had come.

The final letter, for it was a final letter, contained quite a sum in bank-notes and conveyed the information that from the date of the receipt of the letter the young man must look out for himself. He was advised to go to America and carve out his own fortune, but, at the same time, was informed that it was merely a matter of advice, and he was at liberty to follow his own heart, and our hero decided to return to Ireland.

Bardie O'Connor had not always been known as Bardie O'Connor. The name by which his secret benefactor had always addressed him in his many letters was Terence O'Connor; and it was not until our hero had met with a startling adventure that he assumed the name under which he had ever after been known.

Bardie had been in Ireland about a year, and had made his home in Dublin, when a friend wanted him to visit the classic region around Bantry Bay and the lakes of Killarney; and it was when, at Glengarriff, he was walking along the road one evening, he met an old crone. The young man stepped aside to let the old woman have the best of the path, when suddenly the

old creature approached him, peered in his face with her wild eyes, and she clutched his hand, and, in the most excited manner, demanded:

"Where did you come from? Has the grave given up its dead?"

Bardie was greatly surprised; and yet there had always remained with him a hope that some day there would come a recognition and a revelation. He was a very smart fellow, and a young man of excellent sense and judgment, and many and many an hour of his leisure time was spent in dreamy contemplation of an answer to the self-proposed questions: "Whence came I? Who am I? When shall I learn?" We will add that the young man indulged quite ambitious dreams as concerned his origin, and he felt himself, without knowing anything to the contrary, second to no man in Ireland, so far as lineage is concerned.

When the old woman uttered the startling ejaculation, a thrill shot through our hero's heart, and he demanded:

"What do you mean, ould mother mine?"

We will here also state that for reasons upon certain occasions Bardie spoke with a rich brogue, but the broad brogue was assumed, as his usual speech was that of an Irishman of education, and his pronunciation was but slightly tinged with the brogue, making his speech rich and pleasant to hear.

"What do I mane?" called back the old crone.

"Yes, that's what I'm askin' ye."

"Ah, boy, me eyes are growin' old, an' I nade clear light to see well, but dimly as I see ye standin' there, I consider me question well put."

"It's a queer question ye were afther puttin', ould mother mine."

"Do ye think so?"

"I do."

"Well, it's not the nade of me eyesight that's required now; faith, I'm repeatin' me question. Has the grave given up it's dead?"

"And why do ye ask that question?"

"And why do I ask that question?"

"Yes."

"I'll tell ye; I'm no fool, but I stood beside the coffin of one who looked once upon a toime as you look now, and what is more his voice was like your voice. Ah, well I remember every tone. Yes, yes; but mind ye, young man, I change me question, who are ye?"

"And what does it concern you who I am?"

"Well, it may concern ye more than it concerns me; that is true for ye."

"My name is Terence O'Connor."

"Terence O'Connor?"

"Yes."

A moment the old woman was silent, but at length she said:

"I've a bit of advice to give ye."

"I am always willing to listen to good advice."

"Ye are?"

"Yes."

"Well, moind ye, now, from this time out call yersel' Bardie O'Connor, and see what will come some day."

CHAPTER IV.

"Why should I call myself Bardie O'Connor?" demanded our hero.

"Why?" ejaculated the old woman.

"Yes, why?"

"It was your father's name, and a nobler man never lived than your father."

"Is my father dead?"

"He is; and he was murdered in cold blood. I know it; but the world at large believes he died from natural causes; but I tell ye he was murdered."

"Will you tell me all the circumstances?"

"Faith, and if I should do so it might but get ye in trouble."

"You need not fear; but how do you know that Bardie O'Connor, the man who was murdered, was my father?"

"How do I know it?"

"Yes."

"Do ye moind the manner of me address whin I first met ye?"

"I do."

"What did I say?"

"Ye cried out, 'Has the grave given up its dead?'"

"And can ye not moind the m'anin' of the words? Shure they're plain enough!"

"What do they mean?"

"That you are the perfect image of your father as he looked at your age—and he was but

a few years older, I reckon, when he was murdered."

"And who murdered him?"

"I'll never tell ye that, lad; but I always thought there was an heir, and the moment I saw ye I recognized ye."

"Come, my good woman, tell me about my parents."

A moment the old woman meditated, and then said:

"Troth an' I will tell ye all I know! Come sit down beside me there on the bank, an' ye shall know all that I can make known to ye."

The old woman made strange, startling, and tragic revelations to our hero, and put him in possession of facts that settled beyond all question the truth as concerned his parentage; and on the strength of the facts, upon the following day our hero paid a visit to the owner of a large estate in the near vicinity, and at once all the statements of the old woman were confirmed—not by any willing admission, but by an involuntary betrayal; for the lord of the manor, upon beholding the young man, gave utterance to the same exclamation that had fallen from the lips of the old crone, and immediately after he had sought to conceal the betrayal of his own weakness, and when pressed, accounted for his strange ejaculation by telling an entirely different story from that told by the old woman. But, as has been stated, Bardie O'Connor was no fool, and he saw that the revelations made to him by that same old woman were correct.

We are not prepared at present to reveal to our readers the remarkable tale that was told, but later on, under still more exciting circumstances, we will the tale unfold.

From the moment of his meeting with the old crone our hero assumed the name of Bardie O'Connor, and he took up his residence near the place where the revelation had been made. Soon strange stories were told about him, and he was looked upon with great respect and love by the people living around, and soon the young man discovered that he had a bitter foe, and his enemy was the owner of the estate. This foe, this secret enemy, pursued the young man with bitter hatred, and finally managed to make him an outlaw and a fugitive, and the latter fact also went far to confirm the revelations of the old woman, else why should this great land-owner relentlessly pursue a comparatively unknown and friendless youth?

The enemy was stronger than his victim, and, as has been intimated, easily succeeded in making the high-spirited youth an outlaw and a fugitive, and forced the young man eventually to flee from his native land, and it was through these persecutions that he was driven abroad to encounter the thrilling adventures that made him beyond all question the Irish Monte-Cristo, and it is with these thrilling adventures that we have to deal in our narrative; but later on we will make plain to our readers the revelations poured into his ear by the old woman, and explain many other strange and startling and tragic incidents in his career.

As stated in a preceding chapter, Bardie O'Connor lay around Queenstown for a few days, and then secured passage on an ocean tramp steamer; and in good time he was tossing on the wild waves of the Atlantic, bound for New York.

There was but one other passenger on the steamer—a strange old man, who occupied a part of the captain's cabin—a man who rarely appeared on deck, and with whom our hero held no converse until the two were brought together under the most exciting circumstances.

The steamer ran into rough weather when but a few hours out from Queenstown, and upon the fourth day out the sea was a seething mass of boiling foam, and the vessel, which had been laboring terribly, threatened at every moment to make its last plunge and sink to the bottom.

Bardie could be of no assistance, and he sought his berth and slept through a night which must have been one of horror to those who remained awake, and when our hero did awake he crawled upon deck only to make the most terrible discovery. The storm had abated, and the ship was settled deep in the water; indeed at a glance he expected her to go down in one minute, and not a soul was in sight. The crew had evidently deserted the ship, leaving the sleeping passengers on board. Possibly they had forgotten him in the excitement, as it did not seem possible that his fellow-men could thus have left him to his fate deliberately. But he had no time to spend in speculation and regrets; the ship was fast settling; indeed, the decks were already beginning to burst up, pressed by

the gas that formed in compressure as the water filled the hold.

Bardie looked around and his eye fell upon a life raft. It had evidently been gotten out and left when some other means of escape had presented itself to the man who had gotten it ready.

The young man had presence of mind enough to secure some water and provisions that lay near, and which had been provided by the same party who had placed the raft in readiness.

Our hero was a good swimmer. He saw that he had but a moment to spare, and he launched his raft and soon got aboard, and was forcing it away from beside the sinking vessel, when he heard a cry, and upon looking back he saw that another man had been left on the sinking steamer. He recognized the old man, the only other passenger besides himself.

The man ran to the side of the boat and in frantic tones called:

"Come back! come back!"

"To be sure I'll come back," said Bardie, and he sought to do so, but one can not handle a raft as he can a boat, and he called:

"Can ye swim?"

"Yes."

"Well, plunge over into the sea, and I'll save ye."

The passenger made the plunge.

CHAPTER V.

It was with some difficulty that our hero managed to rescue the old gentleman, but he finally got him upon the raft, and as the sea was settling down there seemed a bare chance of their final rescue.

When the old man had recovered somewhat he asked:

"What has happened?"

"Look there," said our hero.

The old man did look in the direction indicated, and both saw the great ship engulfed in the sea. Down she went bow first, and within ten minutes from the time the old man had plunged over the rail from her deck into the sea.

"Were you one of the crew?" asked the old man.

"No, sir; I was a passenger."

"And where is the captain and his crew?"

"That, sir, I can not tell you; I came forth from my berth and found the ship sinking, and, as I supposed, not a soul on board. Yes, sir, until I saw you I supposed I was the only one who had been left upon the sinking ship."

"They must have deserted the ship during the night?"

"Yes, sir."

"And left you and me to our fate?"

"Yes, sir."

"The cold-blooded assassins."

"I will not say that, sir."

"And what other term can you apply to them?"

"Sir, it is possible they expected the ship to go down at any moment, and in the excitement they forgot us."

"But what sort of a captain can he be who will thus desert his passengers?"

"You must remember, sir, that that was not a regular passenger vessel, and I can never believe that we were deliberately and thoughtfully left behind. I shall always hold that in the excitement of the moment we were really forgotten."

We will not dwell upon our hero's experience upon the raft, but it was sixty hours before they were rescued; indeed both men had made up their minds to die, believing that they were out of the track of vessels, when Bardie, just as evening was setting in, espied a ship, and wildly shouted:

"We are saved!"

Fortunately for the two men their signals were seen from the ship, which bore down upon them, and an hour after our hero's first sighting of the vessel he and his companion on the raft were safely taken aboard the steamer, which, as it proved, was bound for New York.

The two rescued men were treated with every kindness by the captain and passengers of the steamer, and it was proposed to make up a purse for them, as it was known that they had lost all their effects when the steamer went down.

The old man who had been rescued with Bardie came to him and said:

"You must decline anything in the way of money that may be offered to you by the passengers."

Bardie flushed and answered:

"You may rest assured I will, sir, without being told to do so."

"I will take care of you," said the old man, and he turned and walked away.

"He is a queer old chap," muttered our hero, and he had good reason for the conclusion, as, until the old man came to speak to him about refusing the purse, he had hardly spoken another word to him since their rescue from the raft.

When it was made known to our hero that the passengers were making up a purse, Bardie told his informant that he and his companion on the raft were exceedingly grateful, but that neither could accept assistance, as they would be all right when they reached New York.

The weather had become beautiful; the sea after the rescue was as calm and unruffled as a summer lake, and our hero delighted in remaining on deck under the starlight, and one night while thus enjoying the surroundings he met with a thrilling adventure.

He was passing along by the rail when he saw a female figure ascend from the cabin and look about her, and Bardie could hardly repress an exclamation of amazement.

It was a beautiful face he beheld, but it was contorted at the moment by agitation and terror and excitement. Indeed, its owner was so excited she did not observe that she was being watched, and with a cat-like step she walked toward the side of the vessel.

"Great mercy!" exclaimed our hero, as he sprung toward her. "She means to plunge into the sea."

Bardie caught the desperate girl about the waist and drew her back just as she was about to take the fatal leap, and as he drew her away from the side of the vessel he reached down, and peering in her face, asked:

"Are you mad?"

"Yes, I am mad," came the response, in tones so sad and plaintive that it thrilled our hero's heart.

"What could possess you?" he said, "to attempt the plunge into the sea?"

"Do not ask me; and please let me go."

"Yes, and when no one is near you will carry all this beauty to the fishes."

"No; please let me go; I will not make a second attempt."

"I must take you to the captain."

"Oh, please do not do that; I know you are a chivalrous man; you are an Irishman; you will keep my secret?"

"I will keep your secret?"

"Yes."

"But you have revealed no secret to me."

"You know what I just attempted to do?"

The beautiful girl spoke in a weary tone, and in a very low voice.

"Yes, I know what you attempted to do, and it's my duty to see that you are not permitted to attempt it again."

"I will not attempt it again."

"Oh, you may promise."

"I will keep my promise. I swear I will not again attempt to leap into the sea."

The lovely girl aroused herself, and spoke in tones of great decision and firmness.

"I will accept your word and keep your secret," said our hero, and after a moment he added: "There must be some sad reason why you should seek to end your life."

"Yes, there is a sad reason why I should seek to end my life, but there is no good reason why I should do so. I was very cowardly."

"Will you tell me why you sought to jump into the sea?"

A moment the fair girl hesitated, and then said:

"Because I am alone and friendless in the world. There is no other reason why I should seek to die."

"There are circumstances where your reason might serve as an excuse, but where one is young and beautiful like yourself I can not see that it is a sufficient excuse."

The young man spoke in a kindly tone, and releasing his hold upon the fair girl stood and watched her as she glided away.

"Well, well," he muttered, "she is alone in the world and friendless, so am I; and it is the similitude of our two fates that draws me toward her. I will have an eye to that girl."

Three days later our hero landed in New York, and within an hour after his arrival was the hero of a thrilling adventure.

CHAPTER VI.

WE have intimated that our hero sometimes spoke with a broad brogue, and we will here add that upon his arrival in New York he re-

solved to adopt the brogue upon all occasions save when some particular exigency demanded otherwise.

While in Queenstown, previous to his sailing upon the tramp steamer, he had received word that very serious charges had been trumped up against him by his enemy, the wrongful owner of the estates, which our hero had every reason to believe once belonged to his immediate ancestors, and which by right at the very moment should have been in his own possession.

The charges were of such a character that his discovery would lead to extradition, and he furthermore had reason to believe that his enemy would offer, through the authorities, a large reward for his capture, and these facts led the Monte-Cristo to resolve to adopt a dual character. Sometimes he would be the gentleman and at other times the regular Micky Free boy, and he felt well assured that under the two rôles he would be able to baffle all detectives.

As stated at the close of our preceding chapter, Bardie O'Connor met with a startling adventure within an hour after his arrival in New York.

The steamer landed at her dock after dark, but when it was still early in the evening, and the passengers made an immediate rush to get ashore, as it was known that all baggage would have to wait until the following morning for custom inspection, save what little hand baggage might be carried off for immediate and necessary use.

Our hero had no baggage, and he was among the first to pass down the gang-plank and land on the dock, and as he stood watching the other passengers descend his eyes fell upon the young lady whom he had prevented from leaping into the sea.

He had seen but little of the mysterious girl after the incident alluded to, she having remained in her state-room, but he kept a constant watch over her during the remainder of the voyage, as he had reached the conclusion that she was the heroine of some tragic event. Indeed it struck him that she, like himself, was a fugitive, and he had become deeply interested in her fate, and very desirous of learning her history, and the true cause of her attempt to leap into the ocean.

As stated, he saw her descend to the wharf, and as she moved off toward the street he followed her, and strangely enough a moment later he saw another man following her, and the actions of pursuer number two were very strange.

The girl reached the street; every one was excited; hackmen were shouting, and relatives of the landed passengers were hurrying here and there; every one was looking out for themselves save our hero and the man who was evidently upon the track of the mysterious female passenger.

Upon reaching the street the latter stood for a moment, evidently undecided which way to go. Several hackmen accosted her, but to their offers of a conveyance she made no answer, and at length she crossed the street, and was proceeding up the thoroughfare leading from the river, when suddenly a carriage drew to the curb. A man alighted, and was joined quickly by the man whom our hero had seen following the girl, and the latter accosted her.

Bardie O'Connor did not know what to do, and was watching the incident, when suddenly the two men seized the girl, stifled her cries, and carried her struggling to the coach, into which they thrust her, and away drove the carriage at a rapid gate.

For an instant only Bardie was overcome with astonishment, and then, with a muttered ejaculation, he started to follow the coach, and he was compelled to run like a deer. Fortunately he did not encounter any pedestrians for a couple of squares, and then the driver of the coach slackened the speed of his horses and drove at a more leisurely gait, thus enabling our hero to follow with greater ease, and again, fortunately, the coach was not driven a long distance before it was brought to a halt.

Bardie had made up his mind how to act while running in pursuit of the coach. The manner of the girl's abduction was sufficient to him to indicate that the men had no right to thus seize her—that on the face of it their action was illegal and an outrage—and he determined to rescue her without stopping to ask any questions. He was a powerful fellow, a practical athlete and pugilist, and felt himself well able to assail the two abductors.

The moment the carriage halted the men alighted and lifted the girl from the coach, and

as she offered no resistance our hero deemed that she had either been drugged or had become insensible through fright. He dashed forward, and in a low, firm tone as he approached, said:

"Unhand the lady, ye villains!"

One of the men did unhand the girl, and he sprung toward Bardie and sought to deal our hero a powerful blow, but instead received one himself, which sent him reeling to the middle of the street, where he fell, and at once the young Irishman leaped toward villain number two, and as the man let go the girl, who fell to the walk, he, too, received a blow which sent him under the horses' feet, and the latter commenced to dance and prance over him, causing him to yell with fright.

Bardie did not stop to ask any questions, but raised the girl in his arms and darted away with her. Turning the first corner and seeing an alley-way he darted in and walked back, and had gone but a few steps when he was hailed with the question:

"Is that you, Mike?"

The speaker was an Irishman, and our hero felt reassured in hearing the voice of a country woman, and he said:

"No, madame, it's not Mike but it's countryman of your own who nades help and rescue."

"Eh? what's that yer sayin'?"

"Do ye live hereabouts, madame?" asked Bardie.

"Troth an' I do."

"And will ye give yer people shelter for a few moments until I can explain to ye why I ask it?"

"I can, shure; come this way; and is it a lady ye hev in yer arms there?"

"It is, shure."

"Well, do ye moind, ef yer up to any divilment I'll send for a cop at onct, but ye can come in and I'll hear what ye hev to say."

The woman opened the door of a rear tenement house and our hero carried his burden inside and laid her upon a lounge in the room.

"Is the lady dead?" demanded the woman.

"No, madame, I do not think she's dead, but she's been drugged, an' it's insensible she is from fright."

"Well, well, now, what does all this mane? But we'll see can we bring the lady back to life."

CHAPTER VII.

BARDIE and the good-hearted Irish woman set to work to revive the insensible girl, and soon they recognized signs of returning consciousness, and at the same instant the Irish woman remarked as she sniffed:

"Well, well, do ye moind?"

"Moind what?" asked Bardie.

"Do ye not smell it?"

"Smell what?"

"Faith, it's plain enough, shure. It's chloroform. I can smell it as plain as though it were a cut onion."

"Yer right," said Bardie.

"The girl was chloroformed as shure as yer live, and who did it; did you, ye villain?"

"I did not," answered Bardie, "and if ye will wait a moment till the girl fully revives I will explain it all to yer."

"Yer must."

"I will."

"An' I'll see that ye do. Shure what a purty creature she is, and so young and innocent-looking; faith it wer' a shame whoever dosed her wid the slaping stuff."

The young lady had indeed been chloroformed, and in good time the effects wore off, and she looked wildly about, demanding:

"Where am I?"

"Shure, darlin', ye are safe enough; ye nade have no fear now, whatever wer' done to ye aforetime."

Bardie stepped into the shadow. He did not wish the girl to see him until she had recovered fully from her first bewilderment.

After a few moments she appeared to fully recover, and she asked:

"What has happened?"

"Shure, miss, there is no one here who can tell ye better than this man, and he will give a fair explanation, or by the powers I'll tell the police on him."

Bardie stepped to the front, and at once the victim of the outrage recognized him, and she exclaimed:

"You here?"

"Yes, miss, I'm here, and shure it's lucky for you. I reckon, that I wer' there a minute

ago, or no one knows what might have happened."

"What has happened?"

"First let me make an explanation to this good woman who gave us shelter for the time being."

"Yes, it's an immediate explanation ye'll give me, for I do not understand this at all, I'm tellin' yeas that."

"My good woman, this lady and I were passengers on the steamer that just arrived an hour or so ago at her dock. I had no particular acquaintance with the lady—shure I do not know her name now—but when I came ashore I waited on the dock awhile to see the passengers land, and I saw this lady descend from the ship, and I saw her walk off the dock, and at the same time I saw a fellow wid a wicked face stale afther her, and I didn't like his looks nor his actions, and says I to mesel' that feller is up to some divilment, and I'll just follow and keep me eye on him. Well, the lady left the wharf and reached the street, and she started to go up another street leading from the one that runs along wid the river, and whin she had crossed there was a carriage druv up and was stopped, a man lept out, and the other man who had been followin' the girl joined him, an the two of them seized the girl and run her into the carriage, and away the carriage was driven, and away I sped afther it, and when it stopped I wer' at hand, and I commanded them to let go the girl whin they lifted her from the coach, and one of thim made a clip at me, and I gave it to him and away he went reeling to the street and down he went into the mud, and I made for the other one, and he made a lick at me, and I gave him one that sent him under the horses' feet, and then I seized the lady, and I brought her here, and that's all I know about it, and what more there is to tell the lady must spake for herself. Shure, it's all a mystery to me, and the why and the wherefore, so it is, shure."

The victim of the outrage listened with dilated eyes to the statement of our hero, as also did the old woman who had given the parties shelter, and after a moment the girl said:

"A part of what this gentleman has said I know to be true. I did cross the street; two men did seize me and force me into a carriage, and I recollect no more until I find myself here."

"Well, well! this is a strange tale," exclaimed the old woman; "and why did the men seize ye?"

"I do not know."

"And ye were a passenger in the steamer?"

"Yes."

"And yer friends didn't meet ye?"

"I have no friends to meet me; I am a total stranger in this country."

"And yet came out here alone?"

"Yes."

"And ye had no particular place to go whin ye arrived?"

"I did not."

"And what did ye come here for, my dear?"

"Like many others; to earn a living and keep myself from starvation."

"Faith, child, ye may face a worse fate than starvation in this city. And ye hev no friends, and what will ye do?"

"I shall seek a situation as governess."

"Ah! ye are an edicated lady, eh? Well, ye may foind a situation afther a toime, but what will ye do until ye do?"

"I have a little money to pay my expenses until I find a situation."

"Well, I'm sorry for ye, so I am. It's little help I can be to yet, for I'm no recommendation for ye as a governess, but if it is as cook or chamber-maid ye will go out, shure I can aid ye."

"If I can not succeed in getting a position as teacher or governess I shall be glad to go out as a chamber-maid."

"Faith, ye are rather fair and delicate for house-work, but ye moight get strength afther a bit, and ye'd be much safer, wid yer purty face, as a chamber-maid than ye would workin' in a shop. But where will ye go to-night?"

"I shall have to look up a place."

"Ye'll not go forth again to-night, so ye sha'n't. Shure I'll kape ye here till mornin'. Shure I'm a widder wid one boy—Mike—and it was him I thought it wer' come home whin I heerd yees in the alley-way. But it's only onct a week he comes home to me, and yet can stay here as well as not. But yet friend there—faith I've no place for him, and he must luk out for himsel'."

"No trouble about me," said Bardie; "I'll

take care o' mesel' well enough, but I've a word to say to the lady."

The beautiful girl looked up at our hero in a confiding manner, and he continued:

"Ye will remain here with this good woman until to-morrow, until I come for ye; do ye hear?"

"I will remain here until you come."

"If I am delayed ye must stay till ye see me."

"I will wait here until you come."

"Very well. I'll be here on time, and then we can talk over matters. I've no notion to let ye fall into the hands of thim ruffians again."

CHAPTER VIII.

An incident had occurred the day before the arrival of the steamer which we will here record. Bardie's fellow-passenger on the wrecked steamer, as has already been intimated, was a very peculiar man. Our hero had not spoken to him previous to the wreck at all, and, strangely enough, after their rescue the man had said but little to the young Irishman to whom he owed his life; but on the day preceding the landing of the steamer he had accosted the young man.

"I never asked your name," said the gentleman.

"No more you did, sir."

"Well?" ejaculated the stranger, interrogatively.

"Well, again, to ye," answered Bardie.

"What is your name?"

"My name is Bardie O'Conor."

"You are an Irishman?"

"I am, sir."

"From what part of Ireland?"

"Bantry, sir."

"Yes, I know the town, I've been there; it is the town where you take the stage upon leaving the train from Cork to ride to Glengarriff."

"The same, sir."

"You are not rich?"

"Well, sir, if I had me own I would be, but as another has it I am not."

"You have given me your real name?"

"I hev, sir; an' while I'm thinkin' of it, sir, I ask that ye would not repeat me name, for it's under another name I wer' registered on the steamer that wer' wrecked, and it's another name ag'in I've given here on board this steamer."

"You are traveling under an assumed name?"

"I am, sir."

"You have a reason?"

"I have, sir."

"A good one, I know," said the stranger.

"Thank ye, sir, for yer good opinion."

"You are a generous and a noble man."

"Am I, sir?"

"You are."

"And how do you know?"

"I've watched you, and to you I owe my life. You came back to the wreck at the risk of your own life to rescue me; I'll never forget your heroism. Have you any objection to telling me about yourself?"

"I have, sir."

"Very well; I'll not press you to do so, but it may be wise if you shall decide to do so without urging."

A strange impulse led our hero to decide to trust the man whose life he had certainly saved. He had recognized that the man was a queer fellow, but, again, he had decided that he was a good man at heart, although so strange in his manners.

"You have not told me your name, sir?"

"Do you wish to know my name?"

"Yes, sir; I would like to know the name of the man who was with me during the terrible hours we were upon the raft."

"My name is John Kneiss. Can you remember that name?"

"I can, sir; it is such a nice name to fix to one's attention, it is so odd, shure."

The strange gentleman smiled at Bardie's pun or play upon the sound of names, and he said:

"It will be well to remember my name. I live in California—in San Francisco. You may come there some day; if you do come and see me."

"If I ever go to California, sir, I will call on you, and do ye moind, I've a notion to tell ye all about meself."

"I wish you would."

"I will, sir."

Bardie proceeded and told his tale. He did not conceal one fact concerning himself, and the gentleman listened with a great deal of in-

terest, and when our hero had concluded Mr. Kneiss said, abruptly:

"You have no money?"

"Nothing but the clothes on me back."

"And how will you live when you reach New York?"

"Faith, sir, I'll knock around until I get something to do. I reckon I will not starve."

"No, you must not starve; you are too good a man. You have never been in America before?"

"Never, sir."

"Let me see—you can find your way around the city?"

"I reckon I can, sir; I have me tongue."

"Good! You will call the morning after our arrival at No. — Wall Street. You will find the firm of —; present yourself there and give them this card."

Mr. Kneiss wrote a few words on a card and handed it to our hero, and said:

"Do not fail to call."

On the card was written:

"This is Patrick Carr."

Patrick Carr was the assumed name of Bardie O'Conor.

"I will call there, sir."

"I would not advise you to remain in New York."

"Why not, sir?"

"Well, you had better not, that is all. And now, I may never see you again, and I may; we can not tell what will happen in life. But whether we ever meet again or not you will know that I shall always bear you in grateful remembrance; and it is possible we may hear of each other again. Here is an envelope; it contains an address and a note. Do not break the seal of the envelope unless some time you get in serious trouble, and then, if you do, open the letter and follow the directions therein contained. And now, good-bye; but remember, do not fail to visit Wall Street the morning after our arrival in New York."

John Kneiss did not again address our hero during the remaining hours of the voyage to New York, and upon the night of the landing Bardie did not see him at all, and, in fact, in the excitement of the moment did not think of him.

We have detailed to our readers what immediately followed the arrival of our hero, and, as related at the close of our preceding chapter, we stated how he bid the girl whom he had rescued to remain with Mrs. Maguire, the woman who had given them shelter, until he called for her upon the following day.

Bardie had not asked the girl's name, nor had he given his own, nor had he asked her any further questions concerning herself. He bid her good-night and told her to be brave and hopeful and fear not.

Bardie left the house in the alley-way and walked forth to the street. He did not anticipate danger, and took no precautions to avoid any, but marched along, thinking over in his mind the events of the night.

The fugitive had said he had no money, but fortunately at the time he escaped from the sinking steamer he had one five-dollar gold piece in his pocket, and a one-dollar piece, and that was all the capital he had in the world. He walked along, not knowing which way he went, and little caring, as it was all the same to him. One fact was certain, he was not going home, and one place was as good as another. It was still early in the evening, and he soon struck upon Broadway, and the brightness and brilliancy of the scene caused him to exclaim:

"Well, well, this is Fairy-land, shure."

He turned up the great thoroughfare, and was staring at the many brilliant sights when suddenly a hand was laid upon his shoulder.

CHAPTER IX.

BARDIE turned in surprise and looked at the man who had touched him upon the shoulder. He beheld a shrewd-faced fellow, who said, as he extended his hand:

"Halloo, old man, how do you do?"

"Ye hev the better of me," said Bardie.

"Don't you remember me?"

"Faith and I do not remember ye; I never saw yer face afore to me knowledge."

"I met you in Queenstown the day before you sailed."

"Yer did?"

"Certainly I did."

"Now, see here, me friend, ye are mistaken."

"No, I am not; I can name the steamer in which you sailed."

"Yer can?"

"Yes."

"Would yer moind doin' so?"

The man named the very steamer on which Bardie had sailed from Queenstown, but our hero did not betray any surprise, as he said, with a laugh:

"Shure I knew he had made a mistake."

"Didn't you sail on that steamer?"

"I did not; shure I never heard of such a ship."

"Nonsense! Why do you say so? Isn't your name Bardie O'Connor?"

"No, sir; me name is not Bardie O'Connor, and, do ye moind, I've an idea what yer game is, but ye can't play it on me. I've some knowledge of the games ye play in New York, but ye can make no fool of me. Shure I don't believe there is any such ship as the one ye mentioned, nor do I believe there is any such person as the one ye name; and, what is more, I hev never been in Queenstown in me life. When I sailed for America, a year ago, I started from Glasgow, crossing over from Belfast, do ye moind; and, do ye moind further, I don't want yer to try and come any of yer snap games over me. I'm no stranger here, nor am I as green as I look."

"It's possible I've made a mistake," said the stranger.

"Shure ye hev made a mistake, and ye had better make off wid yersel', or begorra I'll hand ye over to the police, so I will. I'm no fool, and I'm up to yer tricks, do ye moind, and ye can't fool and rob me. Shure, as I told ye, I don't believe there is such a ship as the one ye named, and I'm thinking ye coined the name ye mentioned, and it's now I'm biddin' of ye good-evenin', and ye may consider yersel' lucky I don't hand ye over to the police."

"It's all right," said the man, with a laugh, and he turned off down the street, while our hero walked along in the opposite direction, as he had been proceeding when hailed by the stranger.

As Bardie walked along he muttered:

"Beggorra, it is all right, but on me word that wer' a narrow escape, shure. He knew me name well enough, and he named the ship in which I sailed. Well, well, me enemy has got word over here ahead of me, and if I'm not a fool in me calculations that feller was an American detective, and he is on the lookout for one Bardie O'Connor, and do ye moind, it's Bardie O'Connor will be on the lookout for the detectives, and its smart they are if they catch me asleep; but, be the powers, it's lucky I have the money to work a change in me appearance, or they may give me a close hunt all night. We'll see about it, that's all."

Bardie kept on along Broadway until he reached Twenty-third Street, and then he turned down toward Sixth Avenue, and he had proceeded but a short distance when he became aware that there was a man following him.

"Be the powers!" he muttered, "I do not loike that altogether. Shure, there is a man dogging me steps."

Bardie walked along until he crossed a glare of light that shot forth from a brilliantly lighted restaurant, and then he slackened his pace and turned suddenly just in time to catch a full view of the man who was following him.

The man, for a moment, was under the strong light, and our hero had a good, square view of him, and recognized the fact that it was not the same man who hailed him on Broadway, and yet it struck him he had seen the man before; and as he walked along suddenly it flashed across his mind that the fellow following him was one of the men from whom he had rescued the girl immediately after the landing from the steamer.

"Well, now, that is quare," muttered Bardie.

We will here stare again that our hero had resolved to speak with a broad brogue at all times, even when soliloquizing, and he had good reasons for so doing, and his resolve was strengthened after his encounter with the man on Broadway.

Upon deciding that the man who was following him was one of the two who had sought to abduct the girl, he made up his mind to give the fellow a chance to overtake him, muttering at the same time:

"He is not on my track as Bardie O'Connor, and shure I may find out somewhat of the game they were playin' when they sought to stale the girl into the carriage."

Bardie reached Sixth Avenue, and finally

after strolling down that avenue a short distance entered a lager beer saloon, saying:

"I'll see if the feller will follow me in, and if he does mebbe he'll open his head, and I'll get on to him shure. There's a game of some kind goin' on, and it's quare how I've run into a series of adventures within an hour after my arrival in New York, but it's likely I'll meet wid many of them afore I touch foot again on the good old shores of Bantry Bay."

Bardie entered the saloon, and seeing a pile of sandwiches on the bar he called for a sandwich and a glass of lager, and seating himself at a table commenced to eat. A few moments only passed and he saw the man who had been following him enter the saloon, and he at once fully identified him as one of the men whom he had knocked down in defense of the mysterious young lady.

The man peered around, and finally his eyes rested upon our hero, and there came a satisfied and pleased look to his face, and he stepped across the room and took a seat at the very same table where Bardie had located. He also called for a sandwich and a glass of lager.

Bardie was not at all disturbed. There was one trait he possessed to a remarkable degree, and that was nerve and coolness. He was one of the nerviest men in the world; nothing caused him to lose his head, as the saying goes; and as he was an adventurer, with nobody but himself in the world to look out for, as far as he knew, he carried his life and comfort in his hands, and was ready at all times for whatever fortune might open up to him.

Bardie was also a very keen observer and a good reader of men's faces, and he discovered at a glance that the man who had been following him was seeking to have a few words with him, and he discerned, further, that the man did not suspect that he had been recognized, and our hero gave no sign that he had recognized the man. Indeed, he was prepared to play as deep a game as the fellow who was playing against him.

For a few moments the men sat eating and drinking their beer without the exchange of a word, but at length the stranger said:

"I think I've seen you before."

CHAPTER X.

BARDIE was cool as a frozen chicken as he looked the man over, and after a moment said:

"Ye think ye hev seen me afore?"

"Yes."

"Well, is there anything wonderful in that? Shure, mebbe I've seen you afore, but I don't moind that iver I did."

"You've just landed?"

"What is that yer sayin'?"

"You've just landed?"

"Just landed, is it?"

"Yes."

"And what do you mane by that?"

"You have just arrived in New York."

"Do ye think so?"

"Yes."

"Well, yer off—way off—there. I've lived in New York these five or six years, do ye moind."

"You have?" exclaimed the stranger, in surprise.

"To be sure I hev, and what difference does it make whether it's so or not, since I don't owe you anything?"

"It's possible I may mistake you for another person."

"Mebbe it is possible, and mebbe ye did see me afore. Shure I'm not certain, when I come to look at ye, that I don't remember seein' you afore. Who gave you that thump on the nose? Shure it was a good one, by the mark ye hev there!"

It was true, the man's nose and cheek did bear the mark of a blow, and the fellow turned pale when our hero made an allusion to the thump he had received.

"I was struck to-night," said the man.

"Yes, ye look as though ye had received a good un, and did ye deserve it?"

"What difference does that make to you?"

"None at all; shure, it's none of my business, and do ye moind I did not first address mesel' to you, but it wer' you who spoke first to me, and, now, if ye hev got tired ye can quit as soon as he please, it's all the same to me. But ye wer' claimin' ye had seen me afore, and I were merely seekin' to find out wer' the recognition mutual and whether I'd ever seen you afore."

"But what has all that to do with the mark on my face?"

"Well, ye say ye think ye hev seen me afore?"

"Yes."

"And ye hev received a thump?"

"I was struck by a man."

"Well, do ye moind it's by that I'm seekin' to identify ye, although I do not remember faces."

"What has that to do with the identification?"

"Well, I gave a couple of fellers a thump apiece to-night, and I thought mebbe ye might be one of them, and that's how it comes ye thought ye had seen me afore."

The man glared when our hero so openly avowed that he was the man who had rescued the girl.

"You did strike two men to-night?"

"Yes, I did."

"What was the provocation?"

"Well, it wer' good enough, accordin' to my reckonin'."

"Will you tell me all about it?"

"Why should I tell you all about it?"

"I am deeply interested."

"Ye are?"

"Yes."

"And were you one of the men I thumped?"

"I may have been."

"And do ye want me to give ye another one?"

"No; I want to learn why you assailed me before."

"Then you admit that you were one of the men?"

"Yes, I was one of the men."

"Well, do ye moind, ye hev a hard cheek, and I wonder there is any mark on yer face from the clip I gave ye; and what is it ye want now? Hev ye been following me to get satisfaction; ef ye hev shure I'm at yer service; shure I'm not quarrelsome, no, sir; but I'm accommodatin', yes, I'm shure, always."

"I do not desire to quarrel with you," said the man, and he spoke in a soft and very gentle tone; indeed, his whole manner had been courteous and cat-like.

"And what do you want?"

Bardie spoke in a rather loud tone when he put the question, and there were quite a number of men in the room, and the stranger waved our hero to speak low.

"All right, and now what is it ye want; shure I know ye hev been following me."

"I met you accidentally."

"You did?"

"I did."

"And then ye started in to follow me?"

"I did."

"Well, what is it ye want?"

"You remember the circumstances under which you dealt me that blow?"

"I remember the circumstances under which I gave a blow to some one."

"I will admit I am the man you struck."

"Well?"

"You remember the circumstances?"

"I do."

"What were they?"

"There wer' a lady being taken from a carriage."

"What did you know about that lady?"

"Nothing."

"You did not know her?"

"I knew nothing about here, shure I don't know her name now, shure."

"And yet you interfered?"

"I did."

"And carried her away after you had knocked two men down?"

"Yes, I believe I did carry her away."

"How did you come to do so?"

"Shall I tell you?"

"I desire that you should tell me."

"And suppose now I do not tell you?"

"If you will not I can't compel you."

"Ah, it's very nice you are in your speech, shure. Well, now, I'll tell ye me opinion."

"Do."

"It's me opinion yees were up to some bad game wid the lady."

"My friend, I'm giving you a chance."

"Ye are? What sort of a chance?"

"To explain. You have committed a very grave offense, and I can have you in jail in less than an hour."

"Ye can?"

"I can."

"Well, go ahead."

"Go ahead?"

"Yes."
 "How?"
 "And put me in jail?"
 "I do not desire to do that."
 "Ye don't?"
 "No."
 "Faith an' I belave ye, for ye are more afeerd of the jail yersel' than I am, do ye moind."

"We will not talk about that now; you may need a friend."

"Sure we all need friends betimes."
 "I may be your friend and do you a good turn."

"Yees may?"
 "Yes."

"And what good turn shall I do ye first?"
 "Tell me how you came to interfere with the arrest of the young lady?"

"With her arrest?"
 "That's what I said."

"And ye want to know how I came to interfere?"
 "I do."

A moment Bardie meditated. It ran through his mind that possibly, after all, there might be some truth in what the man said. He did not fancy the man's good nature; under all the circumstances there was something very ominous in the man's absolute calm and easy manner, especially in the presence of a man who had knocked him down.

"See here, mister, I don't know what yer name is, I had good reason for interferin' to save the girl."

"I suppose you had, and will you name your reason?"

"Faith and I will," came the answer.

CHAPTER XI.

BARDIE was really a very shrewd fellow and a very rapid thinker, and certain facts began to group themselves in his mind, and he began to feel just a trifle of respect for the man who bore the mark of his fist upon his cheek. Our hero sat a moment in a meditative mood, when the stranger said:

"Come; you are to tell me why you interfered."

"I will."
 "Do so."

Bardie related, fictitiously, how he was a worker on the dock, and then he told, truthfully, how he had seen the girl seized upon and run into the carriage, and how he had followed the carriage and made the rescue. When he had concluded the man said:

"I think you have told me the truth."
 "I hev, sir. Shure I've no interest in the girl, save that I tuk her away from yees."

"Now, answer me one more question: Where did you take the girl?"

"Where did I take her?"
 "Yes."

"Well, do ye moind, I found her insensible."
 "Well?"

"I tuk her in me arms."
 "Proceed."

"I carried her around the corner. Ye will remember it wer' near the corner where I found yees?"

"Yes."
 "Well, I'd carried her but a bit when she opened her eyes, and says she: 'Let me go.' Well, I had no right with her, and I did let her go; and go she did, and I've not seen her since."

The man was thoughtful for a moment, and then asked:

"Where did you go?"
 "Where did I go?"

"Yes."
 "Well I wandered off, sir; yes, I did, and that's all."

"And you know nothing about the girl?"
 "Nothing, sir."

"Where do you live?"
 "See here, now, I've answered your questions pretty well, and I think it's none of yer business where I live."

"I have something to tell you, my friend."
 "Faith, I'm always a good listener."

"I am an officer."
 "Ye are?"

"I am."
 "Well, now, that's quare."

"I am a detective."
 "Well, well!"

"That girl was a prisoner."
 "Well, well!"

"You rescued a prisoner from the officers."

"Well, well!"
 "And it is my duty to arrest you."

"Well, well! did ye iver hear the loike of that?"

"I must know all about you; and if I'm not satisfied that your statements are true I must arrest you and hold you until the girl is found."

"Well, well!"
 "You must tell me where you live."

"Do ye moind," said Bardie, "I've no raison to believe that ye are an officer."

"I am."
 "Shurely?"

"Yes."
 "Well, well! Now, luk here; if ye will tell me a good raison for arrestin' that girl I may give ye an idea."

"An idea?"
 "Yes; I may put ye on her track, for, do ye moind, I'm no fool."

"You do not appear like one."

"I'm not; and, whin that girl ran from me, faith I just 'skipped' along and kept me eye on her; and do ye moind, I've an idea I can put me hand on her?"

"That is my idea, my friend; I am no more a fool than yourself."

"Well, well!"
 "You must tell me where I can find the girl or I will arrest you."

"Arrest me?"
 "Yes."

"Well, well! Now, see here; will ye give me a good raison for yer wantin' to find the girl?"

"I am not bound to give you a reason."
 "Nathur am I bound to tell ye where ye can find the girl."

"You do not realize that you are in a pretty serious scrape."

"Am I, now?"
 "You are."

"How?"
 "We received a cable from the other side to arrest that girl on a very serious charge."

"Indade?"
 "There is a large reward offered for her arrest."

"There is, now? And of what is she accused?"

"I can not tell you; but it is a very serious crime; and, if you do not tell me where I can find her, I shall be compelled to arrest you."

"Faith, that's what ye will have to do. Shure I can't tell ye where ye can foind the girl."

"I think you can."
 "Well, well! You're wrong; yes, sir, ye are wrong; but, do ye moind, I'll go with ye and show ye where I think she wint. Faith, I've no idea of being arrested when I've not done wrong."

"Will you go with me?"
 "I will."

"At once?"
 "Shurely."

"Come."

The two men settled their score and left the beer-shop; and, when once on the street, Bardie discovered that two other men were following them. He recognized then that the so-called detective had re-enforcements at hand; but he was determined to shake off this new-found friend, all the same; when outside the man said:

"There's one thing I wish to tell you: I'm prepared for you now."

"Are ye?"
 "If you attempt any capers it will be bad for you."

"Do ye moind, all I've to do is to give ye what information I can?"
 "That is all."

The two had reached the cross-street. Bardie looked over his shoulder and saw that the two other men were half a block to the rear, and the side-street looked dark and like a fair course for a fugitive; and, as the man said "That is all," Bardie suddenly dealt him a clip behind the ear that sent him reeling, accompanied with the exclamation:

"Well, take that first!"

As the man reeled, Bardie started to run like a deer down the side-street, and, indeed, he was a good runner. Reaching the avenue, he turned to the north and ran for some distance, when he doubled on his track, crossing to the opposite side of the street, and, making a turn, moved along back to the very corner where he downed the detective.

"Well," he muttered, "I think I've lost them."

Our hero was not at all acquainted in the city, but he took a straight course and reached Broad-

way, when he turned southward and walked down several squares, and, crossing to a parallel street, made a second turn and reached the Bowery.

We will here remark that every time he made a turn he took the bearings; and, so clear and accurate was his memory, that he could have retraced his steps and have gone straight to the tenement where Mrs. Maguire resided had he so desired. As it was, he kept on down the Bowery until he came to one of the many cheap lodging-houses, when he entered and registered, paid his money, and was shown to a room. No questions were asked, as no information was required in the place where he sought a night's refuge. These places are open for all. You pay your money and go where you are "put," and our hero was soon "put," and very soon afterward was sound asleep, caring little for his surroundings and only anxious to rest.

Upon the following morning Bardie awoke and passed down to the street. He entered a cheap restaurant and settled down to a hearty meal.

CHAPTER XII.

WHILE at his meal Bardie thought over the situation, and he was compelled to remark, mentally, that he seemed to have fallen into an odd lot of adventures since his departure from Ireland, and he pondered more carefully the words of the detective.

Bardie could not believe the fair girl whom he had rescued was a criminal, and yet he did believe that she was being pursued on some criminal charge; and he was the better prepared to believe in her innocence because of the fact that he, also, was being pursued on a trumped-up charge, and he was certainly conscious of his own innocence. He was still meditating upon the previous night's adventures when a lad entered the restaurant with the daily papers. Our hero bought one, and, after reading awhile, was startled to behold his own name in print.

There was a full account of the wreck of the tramp steamer on which our hero had been a passenger, and also a narrative of the rescue of the two missing passengers, accompanied with the further information that it was suggested that one of the passengers was Bardie O'Connor, a man for whom there was a reward of two thousand pounds; and the account contained a description of Brdie, and intimated, further, that the detectives were on the man's track, and that he would soon be captured and returned to Ireland.

Bardie O'Connor was a young man of iron nerve. He read the account through carefully, and not a muscle quivered; nor did his face change expression; nor was there the slightest tremor in his hand; nor did his appetite slacken. He finished his breakfast with as much calmness as he had commenced it, but he kept up considerable thinking. It was plain that his enemy in Ireland had trailed him to Queens-town, had discovered how he had left Ireland, had cabled to New York for his arrest, and, besides, there was evidence that he intended to pursue our hero to the bitter end.

"Well, well, it's all right! I've had a narrow escape, that is certain," muttered Bardie; "but I am forewarned now, and I'll be on my guard. One fact is certain: the first fellow I met must have been a detective, and he is the one who is on my track. The second detective was not seeking for me as Bardie O'Connor; but," added the fugitive, after a moment, "it is strange the similarity between my fate and that of the beautiful young lady whom I rescued, and, by my faith, I'll stand by her yet. I'll make common cause with her against those detective hounds, and if they take her they'll take me; but now what must I do?"

Bardie remembered his promise to visit the place in Wall Street, as requested by his fellow-passenger upon the raft; and at the same time he fully realized his risk in keeping his promise. It was a pretty serious thing to have detectives on one's track, especially when one is an absolute stranger in the city, not practically knowing one street from another, and liable at any moment to arrest.

Bardie was in no hurry to leave the restaurant. He pretended to be reading the paper, but in fact he was thinking over the situation. He had but little money, and it was necessary that he should change his appearance. His garb was a plain "give-away." He sat thinking over matters, and mechanically let his eyes wander around, and he discovered that the keeper of the restaurant was an Irishman, and he saw that

he was an honest, well-meaning and good-hearted man. Our hero recognized these traits without ever having spoken to the man; and after a time he said, in a low, meditative tone:

"In that man's goodness rests my safety."

There was one waiter in the place—a young Irish lad—and Bardie beckoned the boy to him and asked him to send his boss to the table. There were no other customers in the place, and its proprietor approached and took a seat at the table opposite to our hero.

"From what part of Ireland did you come?" asked Bardie.

"I came from Dublin."

"And how long have you been in America?"

"Five years."

"And what led ye to lave the Ould Dart?"

"And what is that to you?"

"Well, if it wer' nothing to me I'd not be afther askin' ye."

"I came here because I chose to come."

We have frequently intimated, during the course of our narrative, that Bardie was a very shrewd and observant man. He was, in fact, a born detective. He read men like a book, and he was fully capable of contracting his observations and so grouping them as to reach certain deductions; and he at once reached a conclusion from the fact that the proprietor of the little *café* betrayed irritation when asked his reasons for having immigrated from his native land.

"Have you forgotten ould Ireland?" demanded Bardie.

"I niver hev and I niver will," came the answer.

"Do ye iver expect to return?"

"I do."

"Whin?"

"What is that to you?"

"It may be much or it may be little; but I'm askin' ye the question all the same."

The restaurant man was a shrewd fellow, and, looking keenly at our hero, he said, after a moment:

"Ye hev a raison for cross-questioning me?"

"Shure I hev."

"And what is yer raison?"

"Well, I'll not attempt to decaive you. I'm not certain when I shall return mesel'."

"And what may yer name be?"

"Wait now till I luk ye clare in the face before I answer ye."

"Luk; and it's an honest face, me boy."

"I believe ye."

"Well?"

"Hev ye read the mornin' papers?"

"I hev."

"Well?"

"Be the powers, but it's Bardie O'Connor ye are!"

"If ye spake that name loud ye're a mane man and no frind of ould Ireland; faith ye're a traitor and a villain."

The restaurant man, whose name was O'Shayne, reched over and said, in a low tone:

"Ye nade not fear me, my man; but what is it ye are accused of that they're afther ye?"

"I'm accused of murderin' a collector."

"Ye are?"

"Yes."

"And what are ye guilty of, me man?"

"Bein' a patriot and a lover of me race and the traditions of ould Ireland."

"And why hev ye made yersel' known to me?"

"Can ye not guess?"

"I can not."

"I made a frind; that's why I've put me fate in yer hands."

"Shure, man, there's a large reward offered for yer capture and delivery."

"There is; but that's no temptation to you."

"Yer right; I'd lose me loife before I'd raise a hand to put ye in charge."

"I knew it."

"Yer did?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"Faith, I could read yer wer' an honest man in yer face, and it's for that raison I gave mesel' away to ye."

"And hev ye any friends in America?"

"Yes, one."

"And where is he?"

"Here," came the answer.

CHAPTER XIII.

THERE followed a moment's silence, when O'Shayne said:

"Shure, ye would make me yer friend by the confidence ye put in me."

"That's what I was after shure, and I knew it."

"And what will ye do? Shure, the detectives are on yer track."

"I know that; didn't I give one of thim a toss last night; but I didn't know at the toime his game."

Bardie related his adventure with the detective, the one who had called him by name.

"Ye had a narrow escape, so ye did?"

"I did; but I'm all right now."

"And what do yer mane to do? Ye must get out of New York."

"Sorra a step will I get out of New York."

"Ye'll be caught shure; faith the best detectives in the world are here."

"I don't moind them for me little finger, only I hev one friend who will save me now."

"And what is it ye want?"

"I'll tell ye; I've one pound, do ye moind, and I've me watch. Now it's the money ye can hev and the watch I'll lave wid ye, only ye will get me a change of clothes, so whin I lave this place they'll not pounce on me at the first go and unawares."

"I'll stand to ye as yer frind, so I will, at all costs; but do ye moind, ye must lave here."

"I must?"

"Yes."

"And where will I go?"

"West."

"In good time mebbe I will, but not to-day nor to-morrow."

"Bardie, ye must hev a care."

"Do ye moind, niver agen must ye call me Bardie; shure I thought ye would hev moinded that yersel'."

"Yer right; and what is yer name?"

"Michael O'Brien I'll call mesel' until the day comes when I can take back the name me father bore."

"It's Mike I'll call ye?"

"Yes; and call it often, so that like a dog wid a new master I'll learn to wag whin I hear it."

"And what are ye goin' to do, Mike?"

"Make a call."

"Yees are?"

"Yes."

"Upon the mayor?"

"Yes; the Mayor of San Francisco I think he is."

"And what do ye mane?"

"I'll tell ye. I had a passenger wid me on the raft—an ould feller, an American—and I saved his loife, shure."

"Ye did?"

"I did."

"Well?"

"He is a quare man; but he bid me call on him the first thing this mornin'."

"And it's he manes to give ye over to the police."

"Do ye think so?"

"Yes, sure."

"Well, I know better. I was not floatin' round on the raft in mid-ocean wid the man whose loife I had saved not to know his parts. No, sir, I've no danger to fear from that quarter."

"Ye are sure?"

"I am, and I'll stake me loife on it."

"But ye'll run great risk in goin' there."

"I know that."

"Ye had better wait a day or two."

"He bid me come to-day, and it's to-day I'll go; and, if ye will prove the friend to me that ye are, it will be all right."

"Ye will come wid me," said O'Shayne.

The restaurant-keeper called his waiter and gave him certain orders, and then led our hero through a rear door to a side hall, and so up two pairs of stairs to a room on the top floor, when he pointed to a closet and said:

"There; ye will foind all me clothes there, and, as ye and I are of the same build, faith I think they'll fit ye well. I'll return down-stairs, and ye can make a change to suit ye and thin come down."

"How about the lad?"

"Oh, ye nade not moind him."

"He may nade more moindin' than ye think."

"I'll answer for him."

"Remember, it's ten thousand, American money!"

"I'll fix the lad. Shure, ye are me cousin just over, eh?"

"No, that will not do; it's yer cousin from the west I am."

"Oh, but I moind that's better; yes, it's that way we'll hev it; and now ye can tog yersel' out; but it's a great risk yer runnin' all the

same, and if ye would take my advice ye'd lave the city at onct and go west."

"We'll talk that over later on, me good friend; but do ye moind, the day may come when I can do as much for you as ye are doin' for me now."

"Don't ye ever mintion that again an ye'd hev me remain yer friend. Shure, it's a fugitive I am mesel', do ye moind, and now I've given confidence for confidence, I'll tell ye more; shure, there is a reward hangin' over me own head, and I am not bearin' me own father's name at this blessed minute, do ye moind, so ye can make yer moind aisy."

O'Shayne left the room, and Bardie set to look over a pretty well assorted wardrobe.

"Shure, he has good clothes, and he is a good-lookin' man, so he is; and it's in luck I am; and it's a long chase I'll be after given them detectives afore they cage me, so I will."

Our hero found razor and brush, and the first thing he did was to shave off all his whiskers, and then selecting a business suit he amazed himself. And a more complete transformation is rarely seen. As he looked in the glass he was compelled to remark:

"Shure I hardly know mesel'."

Our hero was fully an hour in working the transformation, but when he had concluded he was a fine-looking man, indeed, a remarkably genteel and handsome-looking fellow, and there remained not the appearance of the greenhorn about him, nor anything that would suggest a recent arrival in New York. In his changed appearance he was like one to the manor born—a genuine New Yorker as he stood there; and again he muttered:

"Well, well; but I'm a fine-lookin' Yankee after all."

Bardie descended the stairs, and being a great joker he did not enter the store by the door through which he had passed with O'Shayne, but passed out to the street and entered the restaurant through the main door, and going to a table he took a seat, and in good English called for a cup of coffee. The lad served the coffee, and the man O'Shayne looked at his customer, little dreaming of his identity.

CHAPTER XIV.

IT was a singular incident that O'Shayne did not recognize our hero, even though the latter wore one of his own suits of clothes. But in New York there are many who wear clothes after the same cut and fashion.

Bardie drank off his coffee and advanced to the pay-counter, and in good English, without any tremor in his voice, said:

"Your name is O'Shayne?"

"That is my name."

"You are the proprietor of this place?"

"I am."

"Well, be careful."

"Be careful, is it?"

"Yes."

"What do you mean?"

"I am telling you to be careful or you may get into trouble."

The Irish blood of O'Shayne began to boil, and he said:

"Faith, an' if ye don't moind what yer sayin' it's yersel' will hev to be careful, or I'll toss ye into the street shure. Pay for yer coffee and be off wid ye. I don't loike yer looks."

Our hero leaned over and said in a whisper:

"It's reported you are a friend of Bardie O'Connor, the man the detectives are looking for, and they may keep an eye on your place."

"Eh? what's that yer sayin'? Well, now, I don't know who ye are, nor do I care, but whoever tells ye that had better come here and let out their slander to me face and not be goin' behind me back wid their talk."

Our hero laughed, and changing back to the brogue, exclaimed:

"Well, well, ye are a bright man, and ye don't know yer own clothes."

O'Shayne's eyes bulged.

"Be the powers!" he exclaimed, "is it possible?"

"Do ye think now I'd better go west?"

"Well, well, it bates the divil. Shure, ye are the divil or a play actor. Faith, I never saw anythin' loike it in my loife."

"I reckon I'll give the detectives a chase now."

"Will ye? Well, I'll ate me hash if ye ain't the divil himsel'; and how did ye do it?"

"I let go me whiskers, and I put on a good man's clothes."

"And it's a wonderful change. Shure ye

could walk straight into head-quarters wid yer finger to yer nose for all the detectives there are in New York, shure."

"And I'm givin' you credit, O'Shayne."

"Ye are?"

"Yes."

"For what?"

"It was good and cool ye tuk it whin I gave ye the warnin' about O'Conor."

"It wer' testin' yees wer', eh? Well, well, but ye bate a play actor. Shure ye are a magician."

"Well, now, do ye moind, will ye tell me how I'll get to Wall Street?"

"Can ye foind it alone?"

"If it's to go straight east or west I'll foind it, shure."

"Well, it's nayther east nor west ye'll go, but to the south directly. Come here till I show ye."

O'Shayne led our hero outside and directed him to Wall Street; and any one who knows New York well knows it is almost a straight route from the Bowery.

Bardie bid his friend good-morning and started off, and as he walked along he indulged bright hopes. He was inspired by the show of life and activity around him, and he muttered:

"Well, if I don't get as rich as Monte-Cristo in this land of milk and honey, it's me own fault."

Bardie reached Wall Street without much difficulty, but he spent fully two hours on the route. He knew it was early, and he was attracted by the thousand and one sights to be seen by a stranger in New York. In due time, however, he reached the street, and had little difficulty in finding the number to which he had been directed to go. He entered the office and presented the card that had been given to him. The clerk who received the card handed him a large envelope, without asking him a question or exchanging one word; and, as the clerk said nothing, our hero almost maintained silence, and upon receiving the envelope stood a moment, looking rather undecided, when the clerk said:

"That is all."

"Thank you," was the response of our hero, and he left the office; and, once outside, he muttered:

"Well, but that was short and sweet; but I wonder what I have in here?"

Bardie walked along the street for a short distance, moving slowly and thoughtfully. He did not break the envelope; and had gone several squares when a hand was laid upon his shoulder. Our hero turned and recognized the clerk who had given him the envelope.

"You will excuse me," he said, "but I could not speak to you in the office."

"That is what I thought," answered Bardie, with a twinkle in his handsome eyes.

"I thought I'd follow you out and warn you."

"Warn me?"

"Yes."

"Warn me?" repeated Bardie.

"Yes, sir."

"What do you mean?"

"You were a passenger with Mr. Kneiss?"

"I wer'."

"On the raft?"

"Oh, did he tell you about that?"

"He did."

"Well?"

"Mr. Kneiss had a strange suspicion."

"He did?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"He is a fine man."

"He is a quare man."

"You will learn when you open your envelope that he is not an ungrateful man."

"Eh, what's that?"

"You will find he is not an ungrateful man if he is queer; but I came after you to warn you."

"To warn me?"

"Yes."

"Well, let's have it."

"Mr. Kneiss thought it possible that you were a fugitive."

"He did, eh?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"He believes you to be an innocent man."

"Well, that is good of him."

"He has been dogged ever since he left the ship."

"Eh, what is that?"

"He has been shadowed."

"And did the shadow fall before or behind him?"

"Behind him."

"Ah! I take it. Yes, yes; I see!"

"There was a strange man in our office this morning. He was making inquiries."

"Yes?"

"But I made up my mind he was a detective."

"A detective?"

"Yes."

"And who was he after?"

"I think he was looking for you."

"Looking for me?"

"Yes."

Bardie thought a moment, and asked:

"Mr. Kneiss made a confidant of you?"

"He did."

"Told you about me?"

"Yes."

"What did he tell you?"

"Only what I have repeated. He believed you were a fugitive."

"And he believed me innocent?"

"Yes."

"And he discovered men following him?"

"Yes, and he thought they were trailing him in order to find you."

"And what is your name?"

"Brush."

"Your name is Brush?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Brush, you are a gentleman. I will remember this warning, and some day I may make a return."

"I feel I have merely done my duty in warning you."

"You nade not fear; I will be on me guard, Mr. Brush, and when a detective takes me he will get up very early in the morning."

"You may be too confident, sir."

"I will moind about that, shure."

"But look you!"

"Well?"

The man Brush had given a sudden start, and he was glaring toward a man who was standing upon the opposite side of the street, and in a low tone he warned:

"There is the man who called!"

CHAPTER XV.

BARDIE glanced in the direction indicated, and saw a well-dressed, shrewd-faced man seemingly lolling around without any special interest in anything that was going on around him.

"Do not let him see that you are looking at him," whispered the clerk.

"All right; I've had my eye on him; it's all right."

"I'm satisfied he is a detective. He may follow you."

"He will not make anything out of me if he does, but now, do you remember so we'll agree. I shall represent myself as a Scotchman who has been in this country a number of years. I am a broker; do you understand?"

"I do; yes."

"He may come back and question you after I am through with him."

"I see; and I will merely know you as a Scotchman, a broker, with whom I have but a slight acquaintance."

"That's it. I was merely asking you about a certain line of securities."

"I see."

"Well, I'll bid ye good-morning in a formal manner, do ye moind?"

"You must be careful," said the clerk.

"How so?"

"You may betray yourself in your speech. Sometimes you adopt the brogue and sometimes you drop it."

"Yes, I am glad you reminded me; I'll look out for that, and now good-morning."

The two men separated. Our hero wandered on up-town, anxious to return to his friend, O'Shayne, and examine the letter he had received from Mr. Kneiss. Bardie had not gone far when a man stepped beside him, and in an off-hand manner said:

"Good-morning, Mr. O'Conor."

Our hero was cool as a cucumber, and in most excellent English, but with a Scotch accent, said:

"Beg your pardon, sir, you have made a mistake."

The man, who was the detective who had been pointed out to our hero, looked a little disconcerted, but said:

"Is it possible I am mistaken?"

"In one direction you are most assuredly mistaken. I have met you before, but you have made a mistake in the name."

"Oh, you think we have met before?"

"It is possible. I do not recollect having met you, but one thing is certain, you have made a mistake in the name."

Our hero spoke so coolly and in such a natural manner the detective was completely nonplused; but he said:

"You were in the office of — this morning?"

"I just came from there, sir."

"You were to call by appointment?"

"I beg your pardon; my call there was but the thought of a moment. I had some business there and dropped in, sir."

"But did you not receive a package?"

"I did; a circular, a descriptive circular concerning some stocks I am inquiring about."

"I beg your pardon," said the detective, "I see I have made a mistake."

"You are very excusable, sir. Good-morning."

The detective disappeared, and our hero proceeded on his way, muttering:

"Well, I can be thankful that I have a good head, cool nerve, and a level wit, or that fellow would have had me. He certainly had good points on me, and must have been watching down at the banking office, and it is lucky no words were exchanged there."

Bardie did not go straight back to his friend O'Shayne's place, but wandered up Broadway and took a very roundabout course.

As is well known, New York is the best city in the world for a stranger to wander around in without any fear of getting lost, and if a man once gets an idea as to the lay-out of the great town he can go from place to place with perfect ease; and it was not long before our hero found his way to O'Shayne's, and, once there, he sat down to a table and opened his letter. Within the letter was a packet, and upon opening the packet our hero's eyes opened wide, and he called his friend.

"See here," said he.

His friend glanced at the crisp bits of paper taken from the package, and said:

"Where did you get these?"

"From here."

"The letter?"

"Yes. What are they?"

O'Shayne laughed and said, as he ran over the bills:

"It's a fortune."

"A fortune."

"Yes."

"And how much?"

"Five thousand dollars in American money."

These are one thousand dollar bills."

"And can I change them into sovereigns?"

"You can, but ye have no nade for sovereigns in this country. Shure it's now ye can go west."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes."

"Well, do ye moind, I'm not lavin a city where fortunes drop into yer hands, do ye moind?"

"What will you do?"

"I'll make up me mind later on."

"And what does yer letter say? Shure, the man who gave ye the fortune may hev given ye some advice as well. Hev ye read the letter?"

"I've not."

"Read it."

Bardie glanced over the letter, which read as follows:

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Inclosed find five thousand dollars. I give it to you willingly and gladly. But for you I would have been food for the fishes. I am well able to present you the money. I've no advice to offer, as I believe you to be a smart as well as a bright and prudent man. But tear up this letter at once, and forget that you ever met me, unless fortune should turn against you, and you should need, at some future time, a friend, whom you will always find in yours, gratefully,

"JOHN KNEISS."

"Well, that's a foine letter," said our hero, handing the missive to O'Shayne.

The latter read the letter, and said:

"Indeed it is a foine letter, and now what will you do?"

"What shall I do?"

"Put the money in a bank."

"And betray mesel'?"

"No, take the name of O'Brien."

"I'll do it, and how will I pay you for the clothes; faith they fit me well, and I'll nade no other for the present."

"We can talk that over later on. Come, we'll go to the bank."

The two men went to the bank where O'Shayne knew one of the officers. The deposit was made, and our hero drew some small money for convenience' sake, and after taking a lesson from O'Shayne as to money values he started to visit the home of Mrs. Maguire.

Bardie was quick at "catching on," as the term goes, and he was not slow in asking questions, and when he started for the home of Mrs. Maguire he felt as though he were as much at home in New York as though he had lived in that great city all his life.

Bardie had little difficulty in finding Mrs. Maguire's home, but he was very careful about presenting himself until he had made an examination to see if he had been followed. He was satisfied that sharp men were on his track, and he did not mean to be caught napping. Finally satisfied that all was right he walked up the alley-way and presented himself at Mrs. Maguire's door.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE door was opened by Mrs. Maguire, who did not recognize in the handsome, clean-shaven young man the rather uncouth-looking immigrant who had brought to her care the handsome girl the previous night.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Maguire."

"Good-mornin' to ye, and what is it ye want?"

"Will ye ask me in?"

"Mebbe I will when I know yer business wid me."

"My business is very important."

"Well, stand where ye are and tell me yer business. Shure, ye look loike a sewing-machine man, and may be ye are looking for book subscriptions. Shure, them fellers always hev important business, but I've no toime to bodder wid it if it's on them questions ye are here."

"No, madame, my business is secret and very important."

"It is?"

"Yes."

"Well, come in, but do ye moind, if ye offer a sewing-machine or a book to me I'll just bate ye over the head wid me broom, so I will."

The good woman flung open her door and our hero walked in. The lady whom he had rescued sat in the room looking pale and worried, but the moment our hero entered she arose and approached him, and said, in the sweetest of tones:

"I am glad to welcome you."

"Well, now, I declare!" ejaculated Mrs. Maguire, "this is very fine, and it's very de-sateful at that. Did ye not tell me ye had no friends here in America?"

"Do you not recognize this gentleman, Mrs. Maguire?"

"Shure, I do not; I ne'er set eyes on him afore, I'm shure of that."

Our hero was very much pleased. The lady to whom he had performed such a signal service upon two occasions, and who was so charming and beautiful, was the only one who recognized him at a glance. He leaned toward her and said, in a low voice:

"You recognize me?"

"I do."

"It's strange."

"I would know by your eyes, and I can never forget your voice."

Bardie was well pleased, for the unfortunate girl was decidedly beautiful and charming, and our hero had an eye for female beauty.

Turning to Mrs. Maguire he said:

"You need not fear, Mrs. Maguire; no deceit has been practiced upon you."

"I'm not shure about that, shure."

"You have seen me before."

"I hev?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Last night."

"And who the divil are ye?"

"I'm the man who brought this young lady here."

"You are?"

"I am."

"See here; do you take me for a fool because I'm a woman? Look out, now, or I will give ye the broom anyhow, so I will."

"It is the gentleman, Mrs. Maguire."

"And are you entering into the plot ag'in afther I've given ye clothin'?"

"But it's true, Mrs. Maguire."

"It is, eh?"

"Yes."

"And do you mane to tell me you are the man who brought that lady here last night?"

"I am the same man, shure."

Our hero fell to the brogue, and the widow bent her ears and a startled look came to her eyes.

"Ye are?" she said.

"I am."

"Where's yer whiskers?"

"I cut thim off."

"Ye did?"

"Yes."

"And where are the clothes ye wore?"

"It's aisy, shure, to change one's clothes."

"But ye tould me ye had no baggage."

"I found a friend, Mrs. Maguire."

"Ye did?"

"Yes."

"And why did ye cut off yer whiskers?"

"So me frinds would know me and me enemies wouldn't know me."

"Well, there may be logic in that."

"Do ye moind, I knocked over the men who were carrying the girl."

"Yes, and now it comes to me but I do mind yer voice."

"Yes, and I am the same man, Mrs. Maguire."

"And what is yer name?"

"O'Brien."

"It is?"

"Yes."

"And ye are afeerd of the men ye knocked over?"

"I am; they were detectives."

Our hero did not think when he spoke, but he was immediately reminded, as an involuntary cry of distress fell from the lips of the lady. He saw his mistake, and said:

"Ye nade hev no fear."

"Come, now," said Mrs. Maguire, "what do ye mane when ye say they were detectives? Is it into trouble ye will be gettin' me, and I only a lone widow seekin' to earn an honest livin'?"

"No harm shall come to ye, Mrs. Maguire, and whin I explain all to ye and make a proposition ye'll be well satisfied."

"I will?"

"Shurely!"

"How do ye know that, sir?"

"I know you are a very sensible woman."

"Well, well; thank ye for the compliment. And now, what is your proposition?"

"I must talk the matter over with this lady first."

"Ah! it's a schame yees hev between yees; I see that, sir."

"On my honor, no."

Meantime the fair girl had sat, pale and trembling, with a terrified look upon her face. But it was not the look of a guilty person, by any means, so our hero decided, for he had fixed his eyes upon her several times, and read well her lovely face.

"See here; now, do ye moind," said Mrs. Maguire, "I do not loike this matter at all, an' I'll not let yees get me in trouble. I've a son, an' I'm moindin' his reputation, an' if there is evil between yees, go away. The lady is welcome to the night's shelter; shure I gave it from the goodness o' me heart. But I'm not harborin' thim as the detectives are lookin' for—do yees moind that?"

"You shall have a full explanation, Mrs. Maguire."

"I shall?"

"Yes."

"Well, the first I want is how ye spake in one moment wid a brogue, and the next wid the most illegant English. Will ye explain that, ef ye plaize?"

"I will."

"Whin?"

"As soon as you have permitted me to hold a few moments' private conversation with this lady."

"Ye would spake to her in private?"

"I would."

"Well, well, I'm goin' to the market; I'll lave yees here, but it's make it all plain to me when I come back ye will, or, faith, out yees go, and ye'll not get me in trouble."

"All shall be explained to you, Mrs. Maguire, and I assure you, on my honor, we are honest people."

"Ye may be, but it looks mighty quare to me, do ye moind? And you will hev to explain

it all or I may turn ag'in yees to save meself. Faith, it's me own boy I'm lukin' for, just remember that, plaize!"

The woman went out, leaving our hero and the lovely girl alone, and for a moment the gazed at each other in silence, but at length Bardie said in a kindly and reassuring voice:

"It is necessary that you should confide fully in me."

"I will," came the answer.

CHAPTER XVII.

"MAY I ask your name?" said Bardie.

"I told you my name on the steamer."

"But have you observed I have never addressed you by that name?"

"I did not observe the fact."

"I never have."

"Why not?"

"It is not your real name."

"How do you know?" she asked, with a smile, evidently for the moment forgetting her trouble.

"I so decided the moment you gave me the name, and I reached the conclusion because of the manner in which you gave it."

"You are very observing."

"I am."

"My real name is Grace Parrish."

"Thank you."

"You are satisfied that is my real name?"

"Yes."

"You recognize it; and now you know how I am at your mercy?"

"I do not."

"You do not recognize the name?"

"I do not."

"And you are from Ireland?"

"You have not read the papers of late?"

"I have not, simply because, like yourself, I am a fugitive."

A moment the girl was silent, and our hero said:

"You need not fear to confide in me. Let me tell you something; I know detectives are on your track."

A shadow passed over the girl's delicate form.

"I repeat you need not fear, for I know further, whatever the charge, you are innocent."

"Oh, thank you for those words, but do you really mean them?"

"I do."

"Have you any intimation of the charge against me?"

"I have not."

"And yet you have decided that I am innocent?"

"Yes."

"Will you explain how you reached that decision?"

"Did I not tell you I was a fugitive?"

"You did."

"I am innocent, and I can readily see how one can be a fugitive and be innocent."

"In your case, ye, but how does your case serve as a parallel to mine?"

"Shall I speak plainly?"

"Yes."

"And you will believe in my sincerity?"

"I will."

"You will not think I flatter you?"

"I can not. I believe you to be a sincere man."

"Then I will say that your face indicates that you are incapable of the commission of a crime."

The girl looked radiantly beautiful as she flashed a grateful look upon our hero. Indeed, at the moment he thought her the most beautiful girl he had ever beheld.

"I am innocent," she said.

"Yes, I know you are."

"And you must know of the crime of which I am accused?"

"No."

"And you never heard my name?"

"I never did."

"I fear your confidence in me will weaken when I tell you of what I am accused."

"You need not fear; I know you are innocent."

"I am accused of being a murderess," said the lovely, girl, speaking in a husky voice.

"Murder!" ejaculated our hero.

"Yes, I am looked upon as a murderess, and as a murderess I am being hunted."

There followed a moment's silence once more. Our hero was indeed greatly surprised and also greatly shocked. We will frankly say that he had no idea, no, not for a moment, that the accusation was of such a serious character, but his faith in her was still unshaken, and when

he recovered from the first shock of surprise he said:

"I still believe in your innocence."

"Thank you."

"And now you must tell me all the circumstances."

"I will."

"Proceed, and do not reserve one fact from me; tell me all, and rest assured that I am your friend, and will so prove myself to be, for I can aid you and I will."

"I am the daughter of an English clergyman; my mother died when I was a mere child; I was educated by my father, who died two years ago, leaving but little of this world's goods behind him; I received an appointment, after my father's death, as governess to an heir; his guardian was his brother-in-law; six months ago the lad, who was about six years of age, began to fail in health; he had previously been a robust child; his father had been a wealthy merchant; the bulk of his property was to go to the little son, but in case of his death the whole property went to his sister, the wife of the boy's guardian."

"The cause of the lad's sickness was a mystery; the doctor was baffled and pronounced it a decline; the lad died, and after his death a terrible discovery was made; a *post-mortem* revealed the fact that the lad had been slowly poisoned. I was in the house upon the day the inquest was held. The boy's guardian during the inquest came to me. We were alone; his face was ghastly. I shall never forget its expression. He came to me and seized my hand. He trembled like an aspen leaf, and in a husky voice said:

"The doctors have just made a terrible discovery. Alfred, my little brother-in-law, was murdered."

"I gazed aghast; I had never suspected such a terrible fact; and then, after a moment, and with a wild glare in his eyes, he said:

"Grace, I know you are innocent, but, alas! circumstances point to you as the murderess."

There came a fierce look to our hero's eyes, as he exclaimed:

"The villain; he was himself the assassin."

"Hush!" said Grace, "let me proceed. I declared my innocence, and he said:

"It is needless for you to proclaim your innocence to me; I know you are innocent, but circumstances point to you as the murderess; you must be saved."

"But," I declared, "I am innocent."

"I know that," he repeated; "but you must flee."

"Never!" I cried. "No, no! that would be acknowledging my guilt."

"Listen," he said. "I am on the track of the real assassin. If you will follow my advice you will aid me in proving his guilt; if you do not follow my advice you will be accused, and afterward it will be impossible to trail the real assassin."

"And what would you have me do?" I asked.

"Merely go into concealment for a few days, and all will be well."

"And did you consent?" demanded Bardie.

"I did," came the answer.

"And there you made a fatal mistake," said our hero.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Yes, I did make a fatal mistake," said Grace, continuing her strange narrative.

"The man was seeking to cast suspicion upon you."

"Yes."

"By your flight you aided him."

"I did, but listen. He had always been very kind to me. He was a good-hearted man, and I can see now that his good-heartedness led him into trouble."

"It is not good-heartedness to fix upon an innocent girl a foul crime."

"Let me proceed with my narrative. He gave me money, and, indeed, he had everything arranged for my flight, and I felt very grateful to him, for he made me feel that he was doing me a great kindness and lifting me away from a great peril. He presented to me several facts that were, indeed, unfortunate. The dead boy had been almost entirely under my care, and it did not seem possible that poison could have been administered to him during six months without my connivance."

"But what motive could you have had?"

"Ah, there comes the most singular part of it. The boy's father had put a singular provi-

sion in his will. He knew that his child would be placed under the care of a governess or some other hireling, and he provided that said governess or whoever might be appointed to watch over his child should at the heir's arrival at the age of sixteen receive one thousand pounds, and in case of the heir's death previous to the age of sixteen the money was to be paid to the governess who should be over him at the time of his death, provided proof of good and gentle treatment of the lad could be produced."

"It was a strange provision."

"It would appear so, but really all the provisions of the bequest were such as to insure for the lad gentle and good treatment, and faithful instruction, and such gentleness and faithfulness in a teacher were to be rewarded. I had been the lad's governess for over two years, and it would be or has been made to appear that I poisoned the boy in order to secure the pension of one thousand pounds, which were to be paid within three months following the little heir's death."

"And who benefited by the boy's death?"

"His sister the most largely, but in case the boy died ten thousand pounds were to go absolutely to his brother-in-law."

"Well, well, it was a will calculated to encourage a fatal illness on the part of the heir, but go on with your story."

"I did flee, and almost immediately detectives were placed upon my track, and the papers were filled with the horror of the murder, and they were conveyed to me, and I read how terrible were the circumstances that pointed to me as the murderess, and had I read the same circumstances as concerned another I certainly should have believed him guilty."

"A month passed, and I was securely guarded against arrest, and there were all manner of rumors connected with my whereabouts; some maintained I had committed suicide, others protested I had fled to France or Italy; but one thing was certain, my flight had fixed the certainty of my guilt in the eyes of the whole community."

"Ah, it was a sad mistake, your flight."

"In one sense, yes, but only in one sense, for, had I not fled, I would have been found guilty and have been executed, and all would have been over."

Our hero stared.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"I mean that, had I not escaped, the evidence was such that I would have surely been convicted; the real murderer, in order to save himself, would have let me go to the gallows."

"You are satisfied the brother-in-law is the real assassin?"

"I am."

"You did not suspect him at first?"

"I did not."

"How did you come to discern that he was the murderer?"

"He came to me at the end of a month, came secretly and in disguise, and he said it was necessary for me to flee from the country. I proposed that I should surrender myself and seek to prove my innocence, but he protested, and finally shocked me by the announcement that he believed in my guilt, but would aid me to escape all the same, believing also that when I committed the crime I was out of my mind, and it was then I first suspected him."

"And did you let him know of your suspicions?"

"I did."

"And did you accuse him?"

"I did not at the first interview, but later on I did. I had come to think the matter over, and many incidents were recalled that convinced me beyond all possible doubt that he was the cold-blooded assassin. He had done for the ten thousand pounds what I had been accused of doing for the one thousand pounds, for I did not know of the provision in the will until after the boy's death; but, you see, I am a helpless girl, and all the plans had been arranged to make it appear that I was the murderess."

"And you did accuse him of the murder?"

"I did."

"And what did he say?"

"He threatened me; he told me I had sacrificed his sympathy; he said he would not betray me, but I must look out for myself."

"Was that the last time you saw him?"

"Yes."

"And how did you escape?"

"I had made up my mind to surrender myself when I had a dream urging me to flee to America. The dream made a deep impression

upon my mind. When I had the same dream three nights successively I determined to flee."

"And you made your escape unaided?"

"I did; I assumed a disguise and fled to Ireland, and from Queenstown I took the steamer for America, and I am now convinced that the course of my flight has been discovered and that I will be captured."

"Never fear for one moment; you shall not be captured, but it does appear that you have been trailed, and that it was a pair of detectives who sought to kidnap you."

"Were they English detectives?"

"I think they were."

"How could they get to this country ahead of me?"

"They must have been in America on some other case, and they were most likely communicated with from the other side; but now, mark my words, it was lucky you escaped and are safe."

"Until you come to believe in my guilt."

"I will never believe in your guilt until you confess it."

"You will some day read the evidence against me."

"And if I do?"

"You will think it convincing."

"Never; your word is better to me than evidence, but now see here. I have a strange tale to tell; there is a singular coincidence in our fates. I am a fugitive."

"Yes, but you are not accused of murder."

"I am accused of murder and detectives are on my track, and there is a reward of two thousand pounds for my capture, and I am as innocent as yourself."

The fair girl gazed in amazement.

CHAPTER XIX.

BARDIE proceeded and related his own strange story, and the girl listened attentively, and when he had concluded, she said:

"How strange that you and I should meet as we have!"

"Yes, it is strange; but now see here, fate and circumstances make us brother and sister. You must trust me, and you must permit me to treat you as though you were my sister indeed."

"I can not consent to any such arrangement."

"You can not consent to any such arrangement?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"In seeking to save me you will but betray yourself."

"Don't let any such idea enter your head; on the contrary, having you to serve me as a cover I can save myself, and at the same time save you. But there is one thing: we can not make a confidante of Mrs. Maguire, good old soul that she is."

"If you will allow me to suggest, I think that we can, and if she can be convinced of my innocence she can aid us both in concealing ourselves."

Bardie thought a moment, and the fair Grace continued:

"If we can secure the co-operation of Mrs. Maguire I will start in with hope, otherwise I shall look for arrest, and indeed there will be no need for me to seek to avoid it."

"Why?"

"I can not stand the strain."

The fair girl dropped another hint that sent an idea whirling through our hero's head, but he said:

"Suppose she should feel it her duty to betray you?"

"We must take that chance. I need not betray to her your secret; I alone will run the risk."

"I do not approve of your plan."

"Leave it to my judgment; I can so manage it that if she does not become our friend, my chances will not be imperiled more than they are at present."

Bardie thought for a long time, and they argued together; and finally our hero consented to leave the matter to the lovely girl's judgment.

Upon Mrs. Maguire's return Bardie took his departure, promising to call again after the dinner-hour.

Relying upon his changed appearance, our hero walked around without any fear of recognition, although there was a reward of ten thousand dollars offered for his apprehension.

Upon leaving the rooms of Mrs. Maguire he walked around to the square where he had made the rescue, determined to take a look at the house into which the detective had sought to

take the girl. He discovered that the house was an English hotel, or rather an English emigrant boarding-house, and as he passed along he saw the man whom he had met in the uptown restaurant the previous night. The man bore the mark upon his cheek, and our hero looked him straight in the face, but the man did not recognize him, and Bardie, as he walked along, muttered:

"Well, I reckon my change in appearance is all right when that fellow does not recognize me."

One fact our hero had established; it was, indeed a pair of English detectives who had sought to kidnap the girl, and, what is more, their act was an illegal one and a clear case of abduction without warrant of law. The men had evidently intended to smuggle the fugitive on an outgoing steamer and return her to England without going through the regular legal requirements.

"I am glad to get on to that fact," muttered Bardie. "It may serve well in case the worst comes to the worst, and I will see those fellows in good time and I will give them a few hints that may be of use to them."

Bardie had really encountered two detectives, and neither of them had recognized him, and he felt greater confidence. He spent three hours walking about the city. He was making himself acquainted with streets and localities, or, as he put it, "he was becoming a Yorker;" and he was quite a Yorker when he returned to the home of Mrs. Maguire.

Bardie found Grace awaiting him; but the good mistress of the house was not at home, and a shadow fell over his face.

"Where is Mrs. Maguire?" he asked.

"She has gone out."

"Did you make a confidante of her?"

"I did."

"And she went out immediately afterward, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"You and I must leave at once."

"No, no; I must wait for Mrs. Maguire's return."

"How long has she been gone?"

"About ten minutes."

"That is lucky; we will have time to get away."

"Get away?"

"Yes."

"Why should we get away?"

"She has gone to police head-quarters, you may be sure."

"To betray me?"

"Yes."

"Never; I would risk my life in her hands."

"Have you told her your story?"

"Yes."

"All the facts?"

"Yes."

"And does she believe in your innocence?"

"She does."

"She said so possibly."

"She is a true and faithful woman; we have nothing to fear from her; she will prove a true friend."

"I wish I could feel so."

"Wait until you see her and you will be satisfied."

"If we wait it may be too late."

"For what?"

"Escape."

"We need not fear her."

"It is leaving all to the cast of a die."

"Wait and see her."

Even as Grace spoke Mrs. Maguire entered the room. The woman's face wore an expression of deep concern, and our hero's heart fell. He mistook that look of concern for treachery.

The woman closed her door and looked furtively around, and after a moment, glancing at our hero, said:

"Well, well, did ye ever hear the loikes of the story this young lady tells? Well, well, but it's terrible! Faith, I'm losin' me sinses, so I am!" said Mrs. Maguire.

"Look me straight in the face, Mrs. Maguire," said our hero.

The woman fixed her clear, honest eyes on our hero, when the latter asked, in slow, deliberate tones:

"Do you believe in this young lady's innocence?"

"Do I belave in her innocence?"

"Yes."

"I do, as I belave in me own existence at this moment, so I do."

There was no doubting the good woman's sincer-

ity. Bardie was too well read in human nature to be deceived, and he said:

"You need not have the least fear, Mrs. Maguire; it's all right."

"What is all right?"

"The lady is safe."

"Ah, it's aisy to say so; but shure thim detectives, they're the devil, so they are."

"You need have no fear. We will talk matters over and make our arrangements, and now, my good Mrs. Maguire, you must enter into my service."

"Enter into your service?"

"Yes."

"I can not do that, shure; I must look out for me boy."

"You can look out for your boy, and what is more, you can give him that which will delight your heart, I know."

"And what is that?"

"A good education."

"How can I do that, and I depindint upon me day's wages, goin' out to wash?"

"I will attend to that part of it; so, see here, Mrs. Maguire; I want you to go uptown, and you will find a nice little house, and you'll hire it."

"Hire it?"

"Yes."

"And how will I pay the rint, shure?"

"I will pay the rent, and you shall have money enough to provide you with everything; and you shall send your boy to school, and you shall act as protector to this young lady until such time as her innocence is established, and—"

Bardie came to a halt suddenly. He saw a man advance to the door of Mrs. Maguire's rooms, and he said, in a startled tone:

"Who is that?"

CHAPTER XX.

THERE came a smile to Mrs. Maguire's face as she said:

"Ye nade not fear that man."

"Who is he?"

"My landlord, to be shure! An, faith, he will go away a disappointed man to-day."

"He will?"

"Yes."

"How is that?"

"I've not me rint ready."

"Here, Mrs. Maguire—you are a friend, and you've found friends—pay the man and let him go, and we'll make our arrangements."

Bardie passed over to the good woman money enough to pay her rent, and when she went forth to talk with the owner of the rooms, Grace rose, and approaching our hero, laid her hand upon his arm, and looking up sweetly in his face, said:

"You must not carry out your plans."

"What do you mean?"

"You must not go to all this expense on my account."

"Listen: do not let me hear one word from you from this time forth. You are my sister, you will do as I say; you are under my care and protection."

"But I am not your sister, and I have known you but a few days."

"Fate has made us brother and sister in adversity in the most remarkable manner."

"But you do not know that my story is true; you have no proofs."

"Why, yes; I have proofs."

"You have?"

"Yes."

"What proof have you?"

"The proof is your bonny eyes. Now listen: this protest arises from a sense of pride, but remember the day will come when you can repay me every cent."

"Where will I, a fugitive, ever get money to pay you?"

"Your innocence will soon be established, and then in this land, with your talents and accomplishments, you can earn all the money you need. Now mind, I will keep an account of all I expend on your account, and some day you can pay me back."

"Is that a solemn agreement?"

"It is."

"On those terms I consent."

There was a merry gleam in our hero's eyes when she spoke, and it was her inexperience that led him to feel that, under certain circumstances, the day might come when she could earn enough money to repay him.

Mrs. Maguire dismissed her landlord and returned to the room, when Bardie said:

"Now then, madame, do you understand my

plans? You are to find a nice little house, you are to buy nice furniture for it and make a home for this young lady, and your boy you shall send to school, and he shall become a man of education."

The mother's eyes brightened. It had been the desire of her heart to give her son a good education; but, alas! it was lack of means that compelled her to put him to work instead.

Bardie remained a long time talking over matters with Mrs. Maguire, and finally he took his departure with the understanding that he was to call on the following afternoon to hear her report.

Our hero had made up his mind to turn the detectives on a new scent. He was a very keen fellow and capable of carrying out any scheme that might enter his head.

He returned to his friend O'Shayne, and in the evening went to the theater, and, indeed, set out to learn New York through and through.

When the theater closed Bardie walked uptown and entered the bar-room of a noted hotel, and there he found assembled a great company of men, and he was highly amused and entertained, as everything was strange and novel to him. He took a seat, and soon an elderly man took a seat near him, and still later a young man entered the place, glanced around, and finally advanced and took a seat near the elderly man. The two were soon engaged in an animated conversation.

Bardie was not seeking to overhear what passed, but was compelled to do so or change his seat. Feeling it was just as convenient for the two talkers to change if they did not desire to be overheard he maintained his position, and the result was he fell into the knowledge of a stock-deal.

The two men were brokers, and one was giving the other some sure "points."

Bardie was up a little in stocks. He had played the game for a short season on the French Bourse, and he was not loath to get a "pointer" for Wall Street. He remembered that he had a pretty big contract on hand, and he knew he would require money; his five thousand would not last always, and, besides, if our hero indulged his real tastes, he was quite an extravagant liver. He enjoyed the luxuries of life as well as the next man, as the saying goes, and he was just that age when men love to be reckless and extravagant in their expenditures.

When our hero returned to O'Shayne's place he had made up his mind to risk two thirds of his fortune on a stock deal. He did not betray his intention to his friend, but made up his mind to take the chance.

Bright and early upon the following morning he was up and about; and, as it was too early for Wall Street, he took a long walk over the city, determined to improve every opportunity for making himself acquainted with the great metropolis. His walk took him to the river front, and he spent a long time looking at different objects of interest, until, looking at his watch, he found it time to go to Wall Street.

Bardie proceeded direct to the office of the banking-house where he had received the package from Mr. Kneiss, and he recognized and went direct to the desk of Mr. Brush. The latter turned pale upon seeing our hero, and warned him, by a signal, to speak low. Bardie paid no attention to the warning, but said:

"I've made up my mind to run in a margin on a stock that suits my fancy."

The clerk understood the remark to be a "blind" merely, and said in a whisper:

"The place is under surveillance."

"Is it?"

"Yes; detectives are watching here every hour of the day."

"Well, it's all right."

Our hero spoke in a low tone when the subject of the conversation changed.

"Why did you come here?" demanded the clerk.

"You need have no fear; I am as safe here as anywhere."

"Don't you recognize that if I was guilty I would not come here?"

"I do not understand."

"Didn't the detective come back here after his interview with me?"

"No."

"Then you need have no fear; they're looking for another man."

CHAPTER XXI.

BARDIE went into a full explanation, and made Mr. Brush understand that it was all right:

that he had certainly thrown the detectives off the track, as far as he was concerned, under his disguise as then assumed, and he again made his statement in relation to the stock.

"So you really wish to invest?"

"I do?"

"But you had better hold on to the money you have; Wall Street is a dangerous place."

"It's win more, or lose what I've got with me," said Bardie.

"You are a sort of Monte-Cristo?"

"That is what I am exactly."

"If you are bound to risk your money, do not buy the stock you name."

"That is just the stock I wish to put my money in as long as I am spending a dollar that way."

"I can give you a better 'point.'"

"I am taking the 'points' I have; and I wish to risk three thousand dollars."

"Three thousand dollars on one deal!" exclaimed Brush.

"Yes."

"But stock fluctuates; what will you do if you are compelled to 'corner.'"

"It's my way it will come."

"You will lose every dollar of your money."

"That's it; you've named it; it's my money, and I've the right to do with it as I choose."

"You have."

"And that is the direction in which I wish to risk it."

"As you choose, since you are so persistent, but you will be penniless inside of eight-and-forty hours."

"Let her go; it's all right."

Bardie drew a check for the amount and left the office, but not until he had uttered one caution:

"Do you mind," he said, "if you attempt to know more than I do and withhold the purchase for the purpose of showing me where I would have lost you will do so at your own risk. I wish you to make that investment for me, and if you are not willing to do so say so now."

"I am perfectly willing to do as you direct."

"It's all right then."

Two days passed. Mrs. Maguire had found a nice little house far uptown, and our hero went with her to view it, and he bid Mrs. Maguire hire it for one year.

"In my own name, shure?"

"Yes."

"But I'll niver be able to pay the rint."

"Come with me, Mrs. Maguire."

The two went to a savings bank, and our hero deposited one thousand dollars in the name of Mrs. Maguire, and upon leaving the bank he said:

"There, I think you will be able to pay at least one year's rent."

"Well, well! what does it all mean?" ejaculated Mrs. Maguire. "Sure you're a regular Monte-Cristo."

"I am?"

"You are, shure!"

"And what do you know about Monte-Cristo?"

"That wonderful Frenchman?"

"Yes."

"Well, wasn't me son Mike readin' to me all about him? Shure, Mike can read loike a school-master, so he can—and many books has he read to his ould mother; so he has!"

"I reckon Mike is a good son?"

"He is, shure—there's none bether!"

"You will say nothing to Miss Grace at present."

"And whin will I move into me new house, Mister Monte-Cristo?"

"We will wait a day or two until you have it furnished."

"Ah! and will ye furnish it?"

"I trust so."

On the second morning following the deposit of the three thousand dollars Bardie secured the papers early in the morning, and his eyes fell upon the stock reports. He ran down the lists, and an exclamation burst from his lips.

"By all that's strange and wonderful," he exclaimed, "I've got 'em!"

At a seasonable hour our hero proceeded to Wall Street, and was greeted cheerfully by Mr. Brush, the latter exclaiming:

"It's wonderful!"

"Eh, what's that?"

"Your investment has doubled!"

"Has it, now?"

"Yes; it is one of the most remarkable incidents of the Street, the jump of that stock."

"And you were advising me not to buy it!"

"I did so advise; but where did you get your 'tip'?"

"Never mind now; but will you sell?"

Later in the day Bardie called and received nearly six thousand dollars, and as he started to deposit the check in his bank, he muttered:

"This is a wonderful country. Sure, dollars grow upon the bushes."

Having made his deposit our hero proceeded to the home of Mrs. Maguire. The two went uptown together.

"I've been thinking over about the house," said Bardie.

"Well, have you changed your mind?"

"No; but it's the rent I'm thinking about."

"Shure, that's paid."

"I know; but rent day comes around pretty regularly, you know, and Mrs. Maguire, I'm going to have you buy that house."

"Buy it, shure?"

"Yes."

"How can I buy it?"

"I will give you the money, and you will buy it in your own name; you are a good, honest woman."

"Well, well, it's a Monte-Cristo you are, shure. Faith, I'll expect to hear ye spakin' French next, so I will."

Our hero was a good French scholar, and he rattled off a few words in French, and Mrs. Maguire leaped into the air with astonishment.

"I knew it," she cried, "I knew it!"

"And what is it you knew?"

"Ye are the real Monte-Cristo himself; yes, ye are, shure!"

Ten days passed, and Mrs. Maguire became the owner of the little house, and she had it newly furnished; and, when all was settled for, our hero counted up his balance and saw that he had about fifteen hundred dollars remaining.

"Enough for me," he said, "since I'll make it fifteen thousand before I am three months older in this land of milk and honey and gold dollars."

Mrs. Maguire moved into her new house, and a nice room, nicely furnished and equipped, had been set aside for Grace Parrish.

Strangely enough, our hero had talked but little with the lovely girl following the morning when the mutual explanations occurred between them. But two days after the settlement in the new house our hero called to spend the evening with his friends. He was admitted to the house by Mike, who had been well clad and was an attendant at one of the public schools.

Grace came down to the little parlor to meet Bardie. She closed the door and said:

"I desire an explanation from you, *sir*."

"Is it *sir* you say to me? No, no; call me Bardie."

"I can not permit you to provide for me in this manner. I shall go forth and earn my own living."

"You will?"

"I will."

"When?"

"At once."

"Hold on, Miss Grace! You will listen to what I have to say before you do anything so foolish."

CHAPTER XXII.

THERE followed a moment's silence, broken at length by our hero, who said:

"Miss Parrish, there is a strange similarity in your fate and mine; indeed, the coincidences are simply marvelous. You are an orphan without a relative in the world."

"It is possible that I have a relative living here in America. My father had an older brother who came to this country many years ago, and for ten years he corresponded with my father; but for twenty years my father had not heard from him. He never received any intimation of his brother's death."

"The chances are that your uncle is dead."

"Yes; but the possibility exists that he still lives, and I have an idea that I will endeavor to find him."

Our hero laughed. He had been long enough in America to form some idea of the vastness of the country, and he knew how useless it was to seek for a person who had been missing for so long a time; but he merely said:

"At present it would not be wise for you to inaugurate a search, for you will remember detectives are on your track. Remember a man who has committed a foul murder has arranged to have you convicted in order to save himself from the penalty of his own crimes."

"No, no; that man would not turn against me."

"It is certain that he has turned against you, otherwise the detectives would not be upon your track. Now, listen: Mrs. Maguire has betrayed your secret; you have something to live for."

The lovely girl's face assumed a crimson hue.

"Mrs. Maguire has betrayed my secret?"

"Yes; there is one whom you love, one before whose eyes you would like to be vindicated."

The girl's eyes fell, and the crimson blush was succeeded by a deathly pallor.

"It is not necessary for me to say more in that direction. Yes, you have everything to live for; you are young, accomplished, and beloved by an honorable man. You are now under a cloud, but that cloud will be removed. You will be vindicated; the really guilty assassin will some day make a full and complete confession."

"Never."

"Oh, yes, he will; leave that to me."

"But why should you be my friend?"

"Because of all men in the world I am in a better position to sympathize with you. I am a fugitive and I am innocent; I am an orphan, but I have one advantage over you—I am a man. Now listen: you will find a home here with Mrs. Maguire, and you must reconcile yourself to absolute seclusion for some months, and possibly for a year, but in good time you will be vindicated. In the meantime I will search for your uncle. I shall be a wanderer over this broad land; I can not stay in New York. I am assured that the officers are on my track; I am being pursued by a more relentless enemy than you, but I can aid myself, you can not."

"But you are devoting your money to my maintenance."

"Do not speak of that. I have plenty of money; indeed, the want of money I do not know."

"You did not tell me this before."

"But you must know I have plenty of money for I have bought and paid for this house and presented it to Mrs. Maguire. Just see what a benefit your misfortune has been to her. She has a good home and a chance to indulge in the great desire of her heart, the education of her son. Mike is a smart boy. We will hear from him some day. Now not one word from you; here you will abide until the cloud that hovers over you clears away."

"You are a good and noble man."

"Do not mention it; you and I met under the most remarkable circumstances, and there is a wonderful similarity in our fates. It's all right; promise me you will remain here until your good name is cleared or you hear from me."

"You are going away?"

"I am."

"When?"

"Possibly within a week, possibly within a few hours, I do not know. I have told you the detectives I fear are on my track. I do not desire to be captured just yet. The day will come when I shall proclaim myself; the day will come when your innocence will be established. Will you promise to abide here as I have asked?"

"First let me make an explanation to you."

"Proceed."

"Mrs. Maguire you say has revealed my secret?"

"Yes; she did it unintentionally, but it is better that she did—better for you."

"There is a man in England who studied with my father. He is the son of a rich merchant. We were thrown much together, and we learned to love each other; but he dared not reveal the truth to his father, as his parent hopes, because of his great wealth, to gain for his son a wife of high social standing. My affianced corresponded with me up to the time when this terrible charge was made against me. I have not heard a word from him since."

"But he did not have your address."

"Yes; I wrote to him a letter giving him a full explanation. I received no answer. I wrote to him again, revealing my plans."

"You wrote to him revealing your plans?"

"Yes."

"Your plans for flight?"

"Yes."

There came a shadow to the face of the Monte-Cristo, for our hero had taken a fancy to the appellation, and had come to look upon himself as a sort of Irish Monte-Cristo. The shadow was the reflex of a suspicion that had flashed

through his active mind. Bardie was a man possessed of a noble disposition, and he said:

"Possibly he did not receive your letters."

"It is possible."

"He really loved you?"

"Yes; I am sure of that; and he taught me to love him, for he loved me first."

The girl spoke with sweet simplicity.

"It's all right, and will come out all right," said Bardie. "I tell you that your innocence will be established; it is only necessary for you to escape arrest for a time and all will be well. You can return to England, only your name will be brighter because of your trials following this false charge against you; and it is possible I may find your uncle. It may be proved after all that you are an heiress."

The Monte-Cristo spoke in a joking tone, little dreaming at the moment how prophetic his words might prove.

"I believe Charles is true to me, and oh, how he must suffer! I would seek once more to communicate with him."

"No; you must not. I demand that you promise not to do so until you have permission from me."

Our hero spoke in tones of great decision.

"You do not think it best?"

"No; if he loves you, this is but a test of his love. He knows that you love him—have sent him a full explanation. You have declared your innocence in the most solemn manner. If he does not believe your story, he does not love you; you do not desire his love."

There came a moment's silence, broken at length by Grace, who said in firm tones:

"It is true."

CHAPTER XXIII.

OUR readers will remember that we intimated that our hero had indulged but little conversation with Grace Parrish, and he had good reasons for his failure in that direction. He possessed a secret, and, incidentally, Mrs. Maguire had made to him a revelation. The good woman in a conversation with Grace had asked if she had no friends, and the girl had told to one of her own sex her love tale, and Mrs. Maguire had, as stated, incidentally repeated the story to our hero, and hence his studied restraint.

Bardie held a more extended conversation with Grace, and made many pointed inquiries concerning her father's family, and especially did he make inquiries concerning the missing brother of her father.

When our hero left the home he had provided for Mrs. Maguire he went to his own lodgings. He had left the residence of his friend O'Shayne and had made a home of his own for reasons. He had hired furnished rooms and had his own housekeeper.

Bardie had intimated that there were reasons why he might be compelled to leave New York, and the fact was that he had a strong intimation that a well-laid plan had been organized to capture him, and his being under constant surveillance and the necessity for constant watchfulness was becoming irksome.

The young man having money in his possession had provided himself with many disguises, and he was a sort of Protean genius. He was fully capable of carrying out his several assumed characters.

Upon reaching his lodgings he set to work to assume a disguise, and he made a transformation that was simply wonderful.

Bardie had traveled much in England, and was well acquainted with men and localities, and he was also well acquainted with the peculiar *patois* of the different counties and towns in England, and besides he was an excellent imitator as well as a splendid linguist. He could speak German like a native, having been educated at a German university, as related in our opening chapters.

Having assumed his disguise he issued forth and proceeded direct to the English immigrant boarding-house, where he had seen the detective who was on the track of Grace Parrish.

He entered the place, going into the bar-room, and sitting down at a table called for a glass of ale, speaking in broken English.

The bar-tender, a regular cockney, was amused at the Dutchman's calling for ale, and said:

"It's beer you want."

"No, I vos vant ale."

"You are a German."

"Ya-a-s."

"German's drink beer."

"I know dot, but I vos lif a long times in England."

"Where did you live in England?"

"When I vos first go to England I went to Lemington, and afterward I vos lif in Birmingham, and den I vos lif in Chester."

The conversation was in progress when the very man our hero had set to "pipe" walked in, and he listened to the conversation; and later on, when our hero took a seat at the table, the English detective took a seat near him, and engaged him in conversation, and he, too, remarked that it was a strange thing to see a German drinking ale. The detective had been in Germany and could speak a little of the language, and he asked Bardie in German what part of Germany he had come from.

Our hero answered promptly, speaking in most excellent German, and, as far as the detective was concerned, the fact was established that he was indeed a genuine Dutchman, and the conversation proceeded.

"You have lived in England?"

"Yes."

"How long did you live in England?"

"Six years."

"How long have you been in this country?"

"Two weeks."

"Only two weeks?"

"Ya-a-s."

"How do you like it here?"

"I vos like it, and I vos like it England."

"Was there any special news in England when you left?"

"Vell, most of der English news is learned here dot vos very vunderful. Der bay der papers in this country to publish der news, but der vos one t'ing vat vos happen in England dot too make me surprised."

"What is that?"

"You vos heard about dot murder?"

Our hero mentioned names and incidents, and the detective was all attention at once.

"Yes, I have heard about that murder."

What do you know about it?"

"I vos know dot der detectives in England vos looking up der wrong tree."

"What do you mean?"

"Vell, dot vos shust vot I mean."

"What do you know about the murder?"

"I vos know noddings much, but I vos know somedings."

The detective eyed the speaker sharply, and at that moment his comrade entered the room and took a seat at the same table. The latter had evidently overheard our hero's first remark.

"You know something about it?"

"Ya-a-s."

"What do you know?"

"Shust vot I vos tole you; dey vos looking up der wrong tree."

"How?"

"Dey vos not looking for der real murderer."

"Who is the real murderer?"

"It vos strange dot nobody vos suspect the real murderer."

"And do you know the real murderer?"

"I vos supect him."

"What do you know about the case that leads you to suspect?"

"All I know about der case I vos read in der bapers; dot vos all in one way."

"All you know in one way?"

"Ya-a-s."

"What do you know in another way?"

"I know somedings of dot man Adranfelt."

"You know something of Adranfelt?"

"Ya-a-s."

"He is the brother-in-law of the murdered boy?"

"Ya-a-s."

"And what do you know about him?"

"Vell, I vos know dot oof I vos a detective he vos der man I vould follow. Eh, you vos not read der case?"

"Yes, I have read all about it."

"Vell, who vos you t'ought poisoned der boy?"

"The girl, his governess."

"You vos t'ought so, eh?"

"Yes."

"Vell, you vos like everybody else; dey all t'ought so, but dey vos all wrong, I vos t'ink. See, dey vos only search mit de girl, eh? Vy don't dey look up der mans? Now, I vos shust tell you one leetle dings. Dot mans Adranfelt, he vos say noddings until the girl vos get away—he waits a long times, eh?—den all at once he out speaks, eh? Dot vos one leetle t'ing dot vos queer."

Bardie proceeded and basing his theory upon the facts really in his possession, he pointed out

some singular and remarkable circumstances that were certainly very suspicious as concerned the brother-in-law of the murdered lad, and when he had concluded the two detectives sat silent, looking into each other's faces. They had received food for thought.

CHAPTER XXIV.

As related, Bardie presented a remarkable statement of facts, and the two English detectives were very much impressed with what he had said, and we will state that the same day one of them wrote to another detective in London, presenting as his own ideas the theory that had been so ingeniously presented by our hero. In the meantime the conversation had continued, the detectives asking many questions and our hero making important answers.

Bardie at length went forth from the place feeling he had played a good game, and having succeeded so well in one direction he retired to his lodging, and assuming a new disguise started out to interview another detective in a matter which more directly concerned himself. He still held to the character of a German, but affected the appearance of a young German student, and under the cover named he wandered up and down Broadway for the whole day and saw nothing of the detective.

When night came Bardie entered a well-known hotel for his supper, and later on adjourned to the reading-room to indulge in a cigar. But a few moments passed when the very man he most desired to see entered the room, and the next question presented was how should he get into conversation with the officer.

Bardie was reading the paper, and in it there was an account of the rescue of the two men from the raft in mid-ocean, the incident having been revived because of the fact that there had come a report of the rescue of the crew and officers of the ill-fated steamer.

There had been a German student aboard the steamer that had rescued our hero, and Bardie had held several conversations with him and had learned not only his name but his destination, he being determined to go right on to Denver, and it was the same recollection that had suggested to our hero the idea of taking the character of a German, one he was so well fitted to maintain, and again, by speaking in broken German he was able to conceal the inevitable tinge of brogue characteristic of his talk when speaking English.

There was a young man sitting near our hero, and the stranger addressed a remark to Bardie, and then the latter had a chance to refer to the article he had been reading, and he said:

"I was on the vessel that rescued the two men from the raft."

Bardie, as intimated, spoke in broken German, but not as broken as when he had been talking with the other detectives, and the moment he made the announcement of the fact that he had been on the rescuing steamer he observed that the eyes of the detective were fixed upon him.

The officer did not approach him at once, but Bardie knew that the keen-scented human sleuth-hound was on his track, and that sooner or later he would give a signal bark.

The two young men continued in conversation for awhile, and the detective pretended to be reading an afternoon paper, but our hero knew that in fact he was listening to every word that was spoken, and one of the talkers spoke just those words that he desired the listening detective to overhear.

The young man who had been talking with Bardie at length rose and left the room, and our hero commenced reading a paper, when the detective crossed over and took a seat beside him.

"I think I heard you say you were on the steamer that rescued the two men from the raft?"

"Yes, I was a passenger."

"I have been deeply interested in that rescue," said the detective.

"It was a very pleasant day when they were brought aboard."

"Did you have any conversation with them?"

"Yes, with one of them."

"Which one?"

"The Irishman; the older gentleman did not appear inclined to talk to any one."

"You are a German?"

"Yes."

"Have you come to remain in the United States?"

"Yes."

"Will you remain in New York?"

"No; I will go west."
The detective asked our hero a great many questions about Germany and about himself, and finally asked:

"Did the young Irishman make any confession to you?"

"No, he did not make a confession, but he gave me his confidence."

"Then you have seen him since you have been in New York?"

"No, I have not seen him, but I heard from him once."

"You heard from him?"

"Yes."

"What did you hear?"

"He was to call upon me, but sent word that, for reasons *I would understand*, he would not call, and that he expected to sail the next day for Australia."

The detective moved uneasily in his chair.

"He sent you a note, eh?"

"You seem to be greatly interested in that young man."

"I am."

"Ah, I see," said the pretended young German.

"You see?"

"Yes."

The pretended German had spoken in a very significant tone when he had said "I see."

"What do you see?" demanded the detective.

"You have been following me."

"I have been following you?"

"Yes."

"Why should I follow you?"

"Because I was a passenger on the steamer. Yes, I see it all; you are a detective."

Our hero had worked matters down just where he wanted to get them. He had played his game well.

"You think I am a detective?"

"Yes."

"And you think I have been following you?"

"Yes."

"Why should I follow you?"

"I told you way, and you came here and spoke to me. I did not seek you. I think I've met you before, and you must have been following me."

"You are mistaken, young man."

"If I am mistaken why do you ask me so many questions?"

"I have a reason, but I never saw you until I came into this room. I did not know you had any knowledge of the matter we have been talking about until I heard you say yourself that you were on that steamer."

"But you seem to take great interest in the incident."

"I do."

"Why?"

"I will tell you later on. Now, answer me. You say you received a note from the young Irishman?"

"No, I did not say I received a note."

"I thought you did."

"I said I had received word from him."

"And what was the word you received?"

"He said he was going to Australia."

"For reasons that you knew?"

"Yes."

"What were those reasons?"

"Reasons that he had confided to me."

"He expected to be arrested," said the detective.

"Ah, I told you that you were an officer."

"Well, I am an officer, and I expect you to tell me all you know about this affair."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE pretended student laughed in an amused manner, and said:

"I'd like to know why I must tell you all I know?"

"If you do not I will arrest you."

"You will arrest me?"

"Yes; under our American law I can arrest you for having guilty knowledge of a criminal."

Bardie knew but little concerning our American laws, and believed it possible that the detective told the truth; but as in fact he really desired to make a confidant of the detective, he pretended immediately to be considerably frightened, and he said:

"I am willing to give you all the information in my possession on one condition. I have heard one side of the story."

"You have heard one side of the story?"

"Yes."

"Of what story?"

"The story told me by the young man who was rescued from the raft."

"He told you his story?"

"Yes."

"How did he come to tell you his story?"

"Because I had told him my own."

"Then you have a history?"

"I have."

"What did the young man tell you?"

"He told me first his real name."

"What did he say his real name was, if you please?"

"He said his real name was Bardie O'Conor."

There was considerable significance in the question and answer.

"And what did he tell you about himself?"

Our hero proceeded and told his own history—told the facts even to his meeting with the old woman, and the occasion of his assuming the name of Bardie, and the incidents that followed his visit to his ancestral estates. The detective was an interested listener, and when our hero had concluded the narrative the officer said:

"Quite a romantic story."

"Yes."

"And you believe it?"

"I do."

"And you have not seen him since you arrived in New York?"

"No, sir."

"He sent you a note?"

"No, sir; he merely sent me a scrap of paper."

"By whom?"

"A boy."

"He knew where you were stopping?"

"Where are you stopping?"

Bardie was prepared for the question, and had arranged to answer it. He had taken a room in a lodging-house several nights in succession, under the disguise of the German student, and under an assumed name, and he promptly gave the address.

"You have not heard from him since?"

"No."

"And you really think he has gone to Australia?"

"I do."

"I am much obliged to you, young man; I see this fellow anticipated arrest."

"Certainly; he was a fugitive."

The detective did not say any more to our hero, and after sitting a few moments took his departure.

Bardie had prepared himself, and working a change in his appearance, he followed the detective out, and saw him proceed direct to the address our hero had given.

"Well, well!" muttered the fugitive; "what does that mean? Does he doubt my word, after all?"

Bardie stole into the lodging-house, satisfied he had assumed a change in appearance that would conceal his identity. He saw the detective hold a consultation with the clerk who had charge of the rooms, and he saw him go upstairs to talk with one of the maids. Bardie followed up and got position on the floor above, and leaning over the baluster, overheard every word that passed as the detective and maid held their talk in the hall below him.

"You have charge of room 92?" said the detective.

"I hev, sir."

"Have you ever seen anything of the lodger in that room?"

"I hev, sir."

"See here, my good girl, I see you are smart. I am an officer, and you can be of great service to me. I am after a German who committed a forgery in Germany, and I have reason to believe that the man who lodges in 92 is the man I am after, and if you will give me any valuable information I will give you a five-dollar bill."

"You will?"

"I will."

"And it's a German you're after?"

"Yes."

"Well, you're chasin' the wrong man when you chase the lodger."

"I am?" exclaimed the detective, in a surprised tone.

"You are."

"How do you know?"

"I know well enough."

"But how do you know?"

"I'll tell you; the lodger is no German."

"He is no German?"

"No, sir."

"How do you know?"

"He is a Scotchman."

"A Scotchman?"

"Yes."

"I reckon I have not got the right room."

"Yes, ye hev, if ye mean Mr. Gustav Indig for that man lodges in 92."

"But you say he is not a German."

"And nayther is he, sir; he is a Scotchman, as I could ye."

"How do you know?"

"Faith I've heard him talkin' to himself in his room, and I heard him singing a Scotch tune one mornin', and besides that he is in disguise, for I've seen him wic his wig off, so I have, and he may be a scamp and a forger, but he is no German."

The detective uttered a peculiar exclamation, and said:

"You are sure?"

"Av coorse I am sure."

"I'm much obliged."

The detective started to go away when the girl called:

"Ye have forgot, sir."

"What?"

"The five dollars."

There came a shadow to the detective's face, and it crossed his mind that after all the girl was deceiving him, and had told the story for the money.

"I would give you the money, but I've no proof that your story is true."

"I'd hev no rasin to tell ye a lie; no, sir, what I told ye is true."

"You will solemnly swear it is true?"

"I niver swear, but, on my honor, it is true, ivery word of it."

"And why did you not report the circumstances in the office?"

"I did."

"You did?"

"Yes."

"To whom?"

"The night watchman."

"You told him just what you have told me?"

"I did."

"Here is your money, my girl."

The detective paid the five dollars and proceeded down-stairs, and our hero from above-stairs muttered:

"I am in good and bad luck—in good luck in having learned of my danger, but in bad luck in being thus hounded. Hang the girl! She has taught me a lesson, however, and I will know how to act in the future; but one thing is certain, that fellow means to capture me at all hazards."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE detective went down-stairs and asked for the watchman, but learned the man did not go on duty until night.

Bardie watched until he saw the officer go away, when he descended and stole out of the house. Matters had assumed a very serious aspect, and he made up his mind to leave New York. He came to the conclusion with a great deal of regret, but the circumstances were such that no other alternative remained to him.

Our hero spent the evening at the home of Mrs. Maguire, and he announced the fact that it was necessary for him to leave New York.

"Are you really determined to go?" asked Grace.

"I am really determined to go, and now I've advice to give you. Do not write to a living soul; do not make any attempt to discover your uncle, but remain in seclusion for a year if necessary, and watch the papers daily, and some day you may read good news."

"Will you explain?"

"I will. I have had an interview with the detectives who are on your track. I have certainly diverted them from pursuit at present. I know the officers are here on another affair, and they will not waste any time searching for you at present, and if you just 'lay low' where you are you will be all right."

"And why can not you do the same?"

"My case is very different; I have a relentless enemy pursuing me, and the officers have got on my track; they have a greater incentive than the advertised reward. I know if I remained I would be discovered, and before I'd wear a prison garb and stand trial I'd kill myself. No, I must go."

There came a sad look to the face of Grace, and in plaintive tones she said:

"If you go away I will be alone and friendless in New York."

"Will ye?" exclaimed Mrs. Maguire.

"Faith, ye are very complimentary to me."

"I do not mean, Mrs. Maguire, just as it sounds, but you can not advise me as my dear friend can advise."

"Well, he has given ye advice to last you for a year."

"I have nothing to live for," muttered the girl.

"You forget Charles," said our hero.

A blush mantled the girl's face.

"Yes," she said, "that is true."

"Remember, Miss Parrish," said our hero, further, "I am fully satisfied your innocence will be established, and the day will come when you can return to England, and, to tell you the truth, I do not believe the day is far removed. Will you act according to my advice?"

"I will; but we may meet again some day."

"It is possible; but it will be many years from now, most likely."

"Why so?"

"I am satisfied I will be hounded all over the earth; I am satisfied I will be traced from place to place."

"But your innocence will be established some day."

"It may, and it may not; I can not tell. One thing is certain: I will have no rest as long as my enemy lives, unless—"

The young man stopped short.

"Unless what?" asked the fair girl.

"I can not tell you now."

"Will you leave me some remembrance of you—some mark which will serve as an identification of each other should it so happen that we do not meet until after many years?"

"You have a ring upon your finger."

The girl removed it instantly.

"It is the old, old trick," said Bardie; "but we will adopt it," and between his powerful fingers he split the ring in half.

"There," he said; "you take one, I will keep the other."

"I shall never forget you!"

"Thank you."

"And some day I may wish to communicate with you."

"Well?"

"On the first day of every year I will put my address in the 'Personal' column of the New York Herald."

"A good scheme," said Bardie.

"And how about your address?"

"It may not be convenient for me to do so, but if circumstances permit I will communicate with you."

Little did either of these two realize at the moment what a really delightful reward was to be the outcome of the arrangements they were making at that moment, and neither realized the grand fortunes that awaited them both, nor did one realize the wonderful adventures through which he was to pass, and one of them was to occur that very night.

The conversation between them was prolonged. The fair girl did not seem to be willing for Bardie to go away, and she looked so lovely and seemed so loving the young man was not at all anxious to depart, and despite the fact that he had schooled his feelings, he could not prevent the mental exclamation, "Hang that rascal, Charles!"

At length Bardie was compelled to depart, and when he rose to go the fair girl said:

"I will see you once again before you leave New York?"

"Yes, I will see you once again, if possible, but, remember, you are to obey my instructions whether we meet or not."

"I will obey your instructions to the letter."

"I believe a few months will see your innocence established, and then—"

"Well?"

"You can return to England and Charles."

The young man did not wait to say another word, nor did he permit Grace to make a reply. He rushed from the house and proceeded toward his lodgings.

One can not go through a large city without meeting with objects of charity, and Bardie had proceeded but a short distance when a woman accosted him.

"Will you aid me?" she asked.

She did not make a long and piteous appeal, as is usual with beggars, but spoke but the few words, "Will you aid me?" The appeal coming in such an unusual manner, our hero heeded it, and, stopping, asked:

"Are you in trouble, my good woman?"

"Yes, I am in great trouble."

"What is your trouble?"

"I am the wife of a mechanic—he has been sick many months; we owe rent; I have not one

cent. I have no money to buy them bread. If the rent is not paid to-morrow, or at least a part of it we will be turned into the street."

"What you tell me is the truth, my good woman?"

"It is the truth, sir, as sure as we two stand face to face, and as sure as some day we will stand before the Judgment seat."

Bardie drew from his pocket a roll of bills, saying:

"Here, my good woman, take it; you are welcome to it."

The woman took the money, and Bardie walked away. He had gone but a few squares when a voice called to him:

"Look out; you are being tracked!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

BARDIE was taken aback, but was perfectly cool as he glanced around and saw the woman whom he had just aided standing in a doorway. How she had got around ahead of him he did not know, but he was quick, and said:

"I will walk slow. Manage to get ahead of me. Keep walking, and tell me what you mean, so no one will know you are talking to me."

Our hero, while speaking, kept walking along, and his utterance was rapid.

A few moments later a woman crossed from an opposite corner and passed on ahead of him, and as she walked she managed to say:

"I started to follow you when I saw that some one else was on your track. I desired to thank you, but when I saw that some one else was following I laid back and watched and made sure. It is possibly a thief who saw you give me money, and who means to rob you. I ran around and got ahead of you to warn you."

"It is all right," said Bardie. "I am much obliged, but I can take care of myself. Now, you go on to your home and relieve your family. You are welcome to what I have given you."

The woman kept on to the corner, and then disappeared down a cross-street.

Bardie knew well enough it was no thief. He made up his mind that a detective was on his track, and he determined to throw him off if possible.

The fugitive kept walking straight ahead for several squares, and then he made a sudden turn and caught sight of his pursuer, and so the chase continued for fully half an hour, when Bardie concluded he had thrown the man off his track, and he started for his home, muttering:

"I must get away at once, they are closing in on me, and at any moment I may be arrested." The young man reached his lodgings at length, and when in his room sat down to think over the situation. He did not disrobe and retire, although it was very late. Probably half an hour passed when he threw himself upon the bed, but had hardly closed his eyes when the door of his room opened and a man entered. Our hero recognized the man at a glance, although the latter was evidently disguised. He entered and closed the door behind him. Bardie leaped up in bed and demanded:

"Who are you and what do you want here? How dare you enter my room?"

"Take it easy, young man; I want to have a talk with you."

As the officer spoke he displayed a cocked revolver, thereby intimating that he was prepared for any emergency.

Bardie had locked his door but divined that the detective had opened it with a skeleton key.

"You have come to rob me, eh?" said our hero.

"No, I have not come to rob you."

"Who are you?"

"Never mind; I want to talk with you."

"I will give an alarm."

"Do so if you choose; but there are reasons why you should not."

The visitor put special emphasis on the word "you."

"Will you explain your business?"

"That's what I am here for, young man."

"Do it quickly. This intrusion into my room is an outrage, or else you are here to steal, thinking I was asleep."

"Your name is Bardie O'Conor."

"Is it?"

"Is it not?"

"You appear to know."

"I am an officer."

"Oh, you are?"

"Yes."

"Well, what do you want here?"

"I want Bardie O'Conor."

"You do?"

"Yes."

"You have come to the wrong place for the man you name."

"You deny your identity?"

"I deny nothing. Your impertinence does not entitle you to a denial."

"All right; but listen to me: I propose to arrest you."

"Arrest me?"

"Yes."

"What for?"

"You know well enough; but you can tell me your story and I will consider it."

"Oh, you are very kind, but I have nothing to tell you."

"Will you go with me quietly?"

"Go where?"

"To head-quarters."

"It is tough to be led out at midnight."

"But you do not want to make a row?"

"No."

"And you will go quietly?"

"I will if you will give me any good reason why I should go."

"You are accused of murder."

"I am?"

"You are."

"Who is my accuser?"

"You know well enough; it is no use for you to deny your identity. I have you down fine."

"And you want me to go with you?"

"Yes."

"As a prisoner?"

"Yes."

"See here, I will admit I am Bardie O'Conor."

"You admit your identity?"

"Yes."

"And you were the young German who talked with me at the New York hotel?"

"Was I?"

"You were."

Bardie laughed, and said:

"Do I look like a German?"

"No; but you are a very smart man."

"And you want me to go with you?"

"You must."

"But I may fight."

The officer showed his weapon, and said:

"Make one move and you are a dead man. I will take you dead or alive."

"This is hard on students."

"You're a student, eh?"

"Yes."

"See here, I will give you a point. I do not desire to be hard on you. I do not think you can be returned to Ireland—not if you get a good lawyer; but I must do my duty."

"I am an innocent man."

"It is possible you are, but you must go with me all the same."

"I will, on one or two conditions."

"You will go anyhow."

"I will go quietly on one or two conditions."

"You will go quietly?"

"Yes."

"What are your conditions?"

"The first one is that you tell me how you came to get on my track."

"There is a man over here from Ireland."

"There is?"

"Yes."

"Who is he?"

"I like you, young fellow, and I will tell you all the facts. The man calls himself Manning, but I do not believe that is his name, but he has the amount of the reward with him now. You are my prisoner, but I tell you I do not think they can take you back to Ireland. I must arrest you all the same."

"Then I suppose I might as well surrender," said Bardie.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THERE came a smile to the detective's face, and in a kindly voice he said:

"I am sorry for you, young fellow; yes, I am; but I am compelled to do my duty."

"You are? All right; but you will allow me to arrange a few things before you take me away?"

"No, I can't do that."

"You will take me right off?"

"I must."

"This is hard. I will have no chance to return here. I will be clapped in jail at once."

"I can't help it. I'm sorry for you, but I must do my duty."

"But you can give a fellow a chance."

"I can not give you any more chances than I have already."

"You say there is a man here from Ireland?"

"Yes."

"What sort of a looking man?"

The detective described the man.

"Where does he hang out?"

The detective was so sure of his game he was very communicative, and named the hotel.

"Do you get the full reward?"

"I am entitled to it."

"After you receive the money will you act as my friend?"

"That depends. I can not promise."

"Ah, I see; if the man from Ireland offers you money you must turn against me."

"That is business, you know."

"All right; I can not help it; I will go with you."

"But I must put the 'darbies' on you."

"Handcuffs?"

"Yes."

"Why this indignity, if I am willing to go along with you?"

"It's business."

"Well, it's your day; mine will come."

"You must not have any hard feelings against me, young fellow; I am only doing my duty."

"But there is no need to put the irons on me."

"I must do my duty; up with your hands."

Bardie extended his hands, and the detective, having drawn a pair of darbies from his pocket, was about to adjust them, being thrown completely off his guard, when our hero suddenly leaped forward. He seized his would-be captor by the throat and held him so the officer could not move or make the least outcry, and he fell back momentarily unconscious, when Bardie quickly clapped a handkerchief to his mouth and nostrils.

We will here state that our hero had prepared himself for all contingencies. He had determined under no circumstances to surrender. He had devised many precautions to aid himself in time of need, and among his other little plans was the possession of chloroform ready for use, and it was with the latter that he fixed the detective, and having thus fixed his man he gagged him and put his own darbies on him and tossed him on the bed, when he bound his feet and had him as helpless as a babe.

In a few moments the detective recovered from the effects of the anæsthetic, and glancing wildly around, he lay with eyes fairly starting from their sockets.

"You thought you had me," said our hero, "but now I've got you; and do you mind, I'm going to take the gag out of your mouth, but if you make the least attempt to give an alarm I'll drive this clear through you!"

Bardie shook a dangerous-looking knife before his prisoner's eyes.

"Will you be quiet?"

The detective moved his head affirmatively.

"Do you mind, it's life or death with me. If I settle you I am free; no other man is on my track."

The detective again nodded his head affirmatively.

"As sure as you live, now, you will be a dead man if you give an alarm! You can well understand my position."

Again the detective nodded his head affirmatively, and our hero removed the gag from his mouth, and it was some minutes before the detective could speak, his jaws had been so widely stretched; but when he could speak, he said:

"You've got the best of me."

"Yes, I have; and now, see here; must I do the right thing to settle your case?"

"You would not murder me in cold blood?"

"It's business, I think."

"No, no."

"I must do my duty."

"Is it your duty to murder me?"

"My duty to myself. I mean it's life or death with me. I am charged with murder!"

"But you claim you are innocent."

"I am innocent, but they may prove me guilty for all that. I have a bitter enemy."

"But you will get justice here in New York."

"I will?"

"Yes."

"My friend, I can save myself a great deal of trouble by just settling your case. And now the question is, how will you die. Do you want to take a dose and die easily, or shall I do the job?"

"Are you determined to kill me?"

"It's business."

"All right; I'm in your power; I can not do

anything. I will not beg further for my life. I took the chances when I went for you."

Our hero laughed, and said:

"You know I would not harm a hair of your head, but I will let you sleep in my bed until morning, when some one may call and let you out."

"Don't do that?"

"I must."

"Listen: let me go and I will agree not to arrest you. I will haul off the job."

"You will."

"I will."

"I'd like to take your word for that, but I dare not; but do you mind, I am an innocent man."

"I believe you."

"You do?"

"Yes."

"And if I let you go what will you do?"

"I can not promise exactly."

"You can not promise exactly?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I am an officer. I am acting under orders."

"But you said you would not arrest me if I let you go."

"I meant I would not arrest you now, and I would give you a chance to get away."

"No thanks to you. I have that chance. I can go at my leisure."

"I will give you a good day's start."

"And then you will start after me again?"

"I may be ordered to do so."

"I do not need the start. I will have time enough before you are discovered. And now, see here, I am about to pack. If you remain perfectly quiet I will not return the gag to your mouth at once."

"It may be my duty to give an alarm."

"Eh?"

"It may be my duty to give an alarm."

"Oh, that's it, eh? Well then, mister, I will see that you do not give an alarm. How is this?"

CHAPTER XXIX.

BARDIE returned the gag to the man's mouth, and then coolly set to work to pack up such goods as he could carry with him. Our hero was prepared always for an arrest, and he had made his arrangements accordingly. He had secured several lodging-places, and he had his goods well scattered—in fact, was in "light marching order" all the time—and it did not take him long to get ready for a start, and when ready to go he said to the officer, who could hear, but could not speak in return:

"I'd like to let you know my route, mister; but I shall have to waive that little mark of politeness upon this occasion and let you find my new address; but one thing please remember: I am an innocent man. I am fleeing for my life, and arrest by you means death to me. If I were a murderer I would settle your case now. I could kill you, and the doctors would never know how you met your death. I learned the secret from an old German doctor. Although practically you seek my life, I will spare yours; but should you ever get upon my track again, remember this, as I tell you, for the time may come when, in order to save myself, I will be really compelled to down you."

Bardie spoke calmly, but his utterance was rapid and his tones decisive.

The detective indicated with his eyes that he wished to speak, and our hero removed the gag and again waited for the man to get his jaws in working order, and when he succeeded the officer said:

"I do not blame you; I got the worst of it, and it is my own fault. I should have been better prepared, and one thing I will say, I believe in your innocence, and I think the best thing for you to do is to surrender yourself and get a legal release. I will aid you to prove your innocence. Your return to Ireland on the charge of murder can be prevented."

"You are very kind, but I know something of law. You may be right, but I do not wish to spend months and possibly years in prison while the matter is being legally decided. I shall leave America, I reckon, and take my chances in some other land."

"I tell you what to do, as you are really decided, go to Mexico."

"And send you my address when I get there?"

"I will never follow you to Mexico, nor will any other American detective, unless employed by private contract."

"Well, my friend, have you anything more to say?"

"No."

"I am sorry to be compelled to gag so nice a talker, but self-protection is an imperative law."

Bardie again clapped the gag in the man's mouth, and said:

"Good-night."

Bardie passed out into the night, and we will say that he felt very sad and uncomfortable. It is no pleasant thing to be hunted and hounded as he was. He knew that he must leave New York, but he had a balance in the bank, and it was necessary for him to draw his money before he left.

Our hero proceeded to the home of his friend O'Shayne, and fortunately met his friend at his own door, the latter having been out and but just returned.

"Well, well," cried O'Shayne, "is that you?"

"Yes."

"And what brings you around at this hour?"

"I have been corralled, and was compelled to 'flit.'"

Bardie proceeded and told his story.

"And you have left the detective bound in his own fetters?"

"I have."

"Ye are a wonderful man, Bardie dear; and now, what will you do?"

"It's no use. I must leave New York."

"And where will you go?"

"I've not made up my mind; but it's go I must, and go I will, after you have got my money from the bank to-morrow."

Upon the day following the incidents we have described, our hero received all his money from the bank, received it in gold, and waiting until night, he started for the home of Mrs. Maguire.

He was met in the parlor by Grace, to whom he revealed the fact of his immediate departure.

The fair girl betrayed considerable agitation, although our hero had prepared her for his going, and he did not understand it. It is said that in some things the brightest men are fools, and those things are the heart-phases of women.

Bardie knew that Grace Parrish loved or had confessed to a previous love. He had accepted the statement as true, and his faith in woman was such that he believed a woman could love but once. We do not desire to intimate that Grace was in love with our hero, but we merely wish to indicate that he did not attempt to investigate her agitation at the announcement of his departure.

Bardie held a long talk with Grace and discussed matters which will be duly recorded as our narrative progresses, and having completed all his other arrangements, there was nothing for him to do but start upon his journey, which we will indicate had a most wonderful termination.

Bardie had adopted a good disguise and considered himself perfectly safe, even though his old antagonist might run upon his track. He was got up as an old man, and his disguise was not only a good one, but he was well able to sustain the rôle he had assumed.

Our hero was always on the alert, and when he reached the waiting-room of the Grand Central Station his eyes went wandering around to learn the character of his fellow-travelers. He was to take a midnight train, but for reasons had sought the station fully an hour ahead of time. He had been in the station but a few moments when an ejaculation fell from his lips—a suppressed exclamation, but one very expressive. His glance had fallen several times upon a sharp-faced man, and he soon fell to the conclusion that the sharp-faced man was a detective and was there to shadow a fugitive, and our hero knowing of no other fugitive but himself, decided that the man was on his trail.

Bardie had watched the papers and had seen nothing concerning his adventure with the one detective on the previous night, and he made up his mind that his victim had managed to suppress the particulars of the really ludicrous affair.

It was an awkward discovery he had made. He had hoped to get away without having his probable course suspected. He did not wish to be compelled to leave America entirely. He had determined to go, and had hoped to throw all his enemies off his track; but the discovery he had made was very discouraging.

It was not long before he made another annoying discovery. He discovered that he had become the subject of the special attention of the detective, and while watching he saw the officer hold a momentary conversation with a comrade.

"By all that's unfortunate," muttered Bardie, "I am greatly harassed! There are two of them, and they have their eyes on me."

Our hero did not move or betray any trepidation; he even fixed his eyes several times directly on the officer, and he was as cool as a cucumber when he saw the detective approaching him, and muttered:

"Well, well! Now the trial begins, but I am ready."

CHAPTER XXX.

BARDIE had discerned correctly. The detective approached him, and asked:

"What time does the train go?"

The fugitive put his hand to his ear with the characteristic look of helplessness of a deaf man, and asked in return:

"What did you say?"

"What time does the train go?"

The old man rose and put his face close to the lips of the detective, and with his hand still to his ear, and repeated:

"What did you say?"

"What time does the train go?"

"Which train?" demanded the pretended old man.

"The train we take."

"What train do you take?"

"The twelve o'clock train," came the answer.

"That is the train I take," said the old man.

"Where do you go?"

"Eh?"

"Where do you go?"

"Albany."

"Do you live there?"

"No."

"Where do you live?"

"Albany."

The last answer was a cunning one. It was really an indication of genuine deafness, and a very characteristic one. The pretended old man had just answered he did not live in Albany, and when asked where he did live, answered, "Albany."

"You live in Albany?"

"No."

"Where do you live?" came the question.

"Eh?"

"Where do you live?"

"With my son."

"Where does your son live?"

"In Albany."

"Whereabouts in Albany?"

"Eh?"

"Whereabouts does your son live in Albany?"

"Eh?"

The question was repeated and the answer came:

"You know my son, eh? What is your name?"

"I asked you whereabouts your son lives in Albany?"

"Yes; I will tell him I met you if you tell me your name."

At this moment a man came and spoke to the detective, and asked:

"What are you at?"

"I'm talking to this beggar."

"What for?"

"I thought he had a suspicious look."

The second man said to our hero:

"Halloo!"

The old man looked with a surprised expression upon his face, and put his hand to his ear as before.

"He is deaf," said Detective Number two.

"I should say he was."

"He may be playing it," said number two, in a low tone.

There came no change to our hero's face.

"I think we had better arrest him," said detective number two.

The old man maintained the same impassive look.

"Is he really deaf?" asked number two.

"To the best of my judgment he is."

"But he's our man all the same."

The pretended old man still maintained the stated look of indifference. He had played his part well, and the detectives were really bothered, but, evidently, were both convinced that he really was deaf, and then they made certain statements that were a really startling revelation to our hero.

From words exchanged between the two officers he fell to the fact that he was not the man whom they were really shadowing. They were after another party entirely, and when Bardie was assured of this fact he felt greatly encouraged.

He later on heard one of the officers say:

"I'm sure our man will take this train."

"There is but one thing for us to do."

"What is that?"

"Go on the train. He will not show up until the last moment."

"As you say, we had better go on the train."

During the whole of the above scene there had sat alongside of our hero a clerical-looking gentleman, and the latter must have heard every word that was spoken.

Bardie waited a few moments, and then walked into the restaurant near the station, and when he sat down he ordered a sandwich, and in an ordinary tone the waiter asked:

"What kind, sir?" and our hero promptly responded:

"A corned-beef sandwich, please," and as he spoke he looked up and saw the clerical-looking gentleman standing over his shoulder, and the latter asked:

"Do they keep good, fresh sandwiches here?"

Bardie let his hand go to his ear, and the stranger leaned over and whispered:

"You can't play that on me."

Bardie was perfectly cool and assumed the old look of helplessness, when the stranger said:

"It won't do, old man."

Bardie said:

"Speak louder, sir."

"It won't do, old man. The waiter didn't speak loud, and you heard him well enough."

A cold chill ran through our hero's frame. He felt that he had not been sufficiently cautious, that he had betrayed himself; but he did not mean to surrender so easily, and he still attempted to play the deaf dodge, when, to his great wonderment, the stranger whispered:

"It is not you the cops are after."

Bardie was in a quandary. He did not know just how to act. The clerical-looking man was not one of the two detectives who had spoken to him, but he might be a third one, and it might all be part of a game; and he still maintained his seeming deafness, when the stranger repeated:

"They are not after you. I heard all they said to you, and you played your game well. Now, see here; I won't give you away. I could go and tell them you are not deaf, but I won't; and do you know why?"

"Speak louder," said our hero.

The man whispered:

"I can not speak louder or the waiter will get on to both of us."

The situation was a strange one, and one fact was certain, the clerical-looking gentleman was anything but a clergyman.

Bardie determined to take the chance, and he said, as he shook his head:

"What do you mean?"

"Ah, you hear me?"

"Yes."

"They are not after you."

"Who are they after?" asked Bardie.

"They are after me."

Bardie was really astonished but still not fully assured, and he said:

"Look here, my friend, if you are playing a game on me I've something to tell you."

"Go ahead."

"You are a dead man. I am not to be taken."

"You need not fear me; you have been unwittingly my best cover."

"Are the cops after you?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"We can play them and both escape."

"How?"

"Listen and I will tell you," came the answer.

CHAPTER XXXI.

BARDIE was not altogether satisfied; but he was really in for it, and was bound to take his chances. The stranger glanced around, and then, still speaking in a whisper, said:

"I will go on the train first. I will secure a seat. You watch me, and come and take a seat alongside of me. Then I will talk to you. Of course you will be deaf as a post, and I will speak loud. I will ask you questions. I will tell you who I am and you will recognize me, and we will shake hands, and then talk."

It was a good scheme the man had proposed, but our hero was silent and thoughtful, and the man said:

"It is a good scheme for both of us; we will both get under the same cloak, you see."

"Are the police after you?"

"Yes."

"For what?"

"To arrest me, of course."

"And you are under a disguise?"

"Yes."

"Those two officers are searching for you then?"

"Yes."

"You admit that?"

"Yes."

"What makes you think I am a criminal?"

"I don't say you are a criminal. The police sometimes run down innocent men."

Our hero did not like the last remark. It sounded as though the speaker had given away something.

"Are you an innocent man?" he asked.

"We have not got time to discuss that now; the train starts in fifteen minutes. Did you understand my proposition?"

"I did; but why should I identify myself with you?"

"I'll tell you; if you are a man with any heart you will aid a wronged man."

"I will."

"Yes?"

"You are a wronged man?"

"I am."

"And you admit those officers are after you?"

"I do; and I know you are a fugitive."

"You do?"

"Yes."

"How do you know it?"

"Simply because I know you are under a disguise. Men do not go under cover unless they have good reason for so doing."

"You think I am under cover?"

"I know it; and now see here, I've no design against you; I've got a clean give away on you, and if I were in a scheme against you all I'd have to do would be to open my mouth. I tell you I'm all right as far as you are concerned, and I'll tell you more, those detectives are not altogether off your track, but if you go in on this scheme with me we can throw them off your track, and we will both be all right."

"Will you tell me why they are after you?"

"I will when we reach Albany."

"Are you an honest man?"

"I am, I swear I am, and I am being wrongfully hunted and hounded."

Our hero knew well that it was indeed a possible thing for an innocent man to be hounded and hunted. He himself was innocent, and yet he had been pursued every step he took.

"I told you one thing; if you are really in a game to betray me I will have your life."

"You need not fear betrayal from me."

"Your game is that you go into the car, and I take a seat beside you?"

"Yes."

"You are to talk to me?"

"Yes; and you are to play your deaf game; you play it well, and in good time we will find out that we are acquainted, and you will recognize me as the man I shall claim to be. I tell you the scheme will save us both."

"You appear to take it for granted that I am dodging the police?"

"I know it."

"But you admit, also, that I am not the man these fellows are after?"

"I do."

"They are after you?"

"Yes."

"Would it not be better for me to look out for myself?"

"If you think so, after all I have said—yes, but you may find out you have made a mistake."

"How?"

"Those men still have a suspicion as concerns you."

"They have?"

"Yes."

"How do you know that?"

"You will see, if they do not fall to my disguise. They will follow you up, and at a moment when you least expect, off goes your wig, on go the darbies, and if you are not the man they are after they will find out who you are anyhow."

Bardie could see that there was really some truth in what the man said, still the question arose: Was the man playing a game, after all?

"I will trust you," said Bardie.

"You are wise."

"Again I tell you, however, that it will go very hard with you if you seek to play a trick on me."

"If we both escape and you hear my story, you will be glad you aided me. I do not know who you are; I do not know why you are free-

ing in disguise, but one thing I know; whoever you are you will be glad you aided me to escape when you hear my narrative."

The conversation between the two men had passed rapidly on while both were eating, and finally our hero said:

"I am with you. I will take the chance."

"You will never regret it. And now I will return to the station. You come a few moments later, and do not notice me or speak to me until we are seated side by side in the train; and then let me open the conversation, and I can trust you to play your part well. But remember, you must stick to the deafness as a good dodge."

"All right; and you will please remember all I have said."

"I will."

The stranger returned to the depot, and looked as demure as could be, and a moment after his return one of the detectives approached him.

"You were talking to the old man over in the restaurant?"

"I was trying to talk to him."

"Trying to talk to him?"

"Yes, but he is so deaf. I do not see how he gets along. I think it is dangerous for him to travel alone."

The detective walked away, and to the clerical-looking man two facts were established on top of the confession he had made to our hero. He had not been recognized, was not under suspicion, and the pretended deaf man was still under suspicion, and the former fact explained why the detectives had not entered the restaurant. Having no suspicion of the pretended clergyman, they hoped to get what information they needed from him, as had they been seen in the saloon the deaf man, if really a criminal, would have been on his guard.

A few moments passed, and our hero entered the saloon, and in a moment he discovered that the information of the stranger was correct in one particular; the detectives were indeed still watching him, and not quite satisfied as to his real identity, and while our hero was revolving the matter in his mind the door was opened for passengers to go aboard the train.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE clerical gentleman made a rush for the train; our hero moved more slowly, but in time got aboard. He saw that he was being followed and watched, and began to realize that if the clerical gentleman was not up to a trick that it might prove, after all, a lucky meeting.

Bardie moved on until he came to where the stranger was seated, when he asked if he "could occupy part of the seat."

"Certainly," came the answer.

"Eh?" cried Bardie, putting his hand to his ear.

"You can sit here if you want, my friend," came the answer, spoken in a tone loud enough to be overheard by every one in the car.

"Thank you," said Bardie, and he took the seat, and observed at the same instant that one of the detectives had taken the seat right behind him.

One fact, as has been intimated, was plainly apparent; the detectives had no suspicion of the clerical gentleman.

In a few moments the train moved out of the depot and thundered along, and different men settled themselves back for a nap; but our hero did not appear to be sleepy, and when the train came to a stop, owing to some unlooked-for delay, he asked of his neighbor:

"What is the matter?" and received the answer:

"I don't know."

"Eh? Off the track?"

"No. I don't know," came the answer, repeated in a loud voice.

"Oh, you don't know?"

"I do not."

"You are a clergyman?"

"Yes," the answer came by an affirmative shake of the head.

"Where do you preach?"

The answer came in a loud tone.

The deaf man at once asked:

"Your name is Brinley?"

There came an affirmative shake, when our hero exclaimed:

"Don't you know me?"

"No."

"I know you."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, and you ought to know me; my son goes to your church, my youngest son."

"What is his name?"

"Henry Garrabrant."

"Yes, I know him!" exclaimed the pretended clergyman; "and you are old Mr. Garrabrant?"

"Yes."

The clergyman offered his hand, and there followed a cordial shake, and the two men became well acquainted apparently, and would have talked further, but just at that moment the whistle blew and the train moved on, and a moment later a hand was laid on the shoulder of the detective who sat right behind the two fugitives.

The officer rose and followed his companion to a rear car. The pretended clergyman watched the movement, and a palor overspread his face, and he managed to whisper:

"I do not like that."

"What is the matter?"

"Those whelps have a clew."

"What do you fear?"

"I fear they have been too smart for me."

"For you?"

"Yes."

"It may be me."

"No; but you need not fear. Remember, even if I am doomed I will not give you away."

"What makes you think there is trouble?"

"I caught a glance of that fellow's eye as he touched his 'pard' on the shoulder."

"You think they are on to you?"

"I fear they are."

All the passengers around were asleep, or trying to, and little attention was paid to what neighbors might be doing, and the two fugitives were enabled to talk without being observed.

"What will you do?" demanded Bardie.

"I do not know."

"There are but two of them" said our hero.

"Two; one too many for me."

"But I am with you for better or worse."

"You are?"

"Yes."

"You can do nothing."

"But we can."

"No."

"Why not?"

"I will not fight; I will not harm them. They are doing their duty."

"We need not harm them, but we can save ourselves."

"You are safe now."

"Am I?"

"Yes."

"You are the same."

"I am?"

"Well, you shall be as safe as am I before I leave you."

"No, leave me to my fate."

"We shall see."

Meantime the two officers had gone to a rear car, and the one who had summoned his companion said:

"We have been barking up the wrong tree."

"Eh? On the wrong 'lay'?"

"Yes."

"And we can not leave the train until we reach Poughkeepsie."

"That's all right."

"I do not understand."

"Our man is on the train."

"Our man is on the train?"

"Yes; but he is not the old deaf man."

"Where is our man?"

"The fellow in the same seat with the deaf man."

"Get out!"

"It's true."

"That is a clergyman."

"Is it?"

"Surely."

"We have been well fooled, but we're all right now; that man is Tom Gadding."

"Nonsense!"

"It's true."

"Impossible!"

"What makes you think so?"

"Tom Gadding could never assume that rôle."

"You think so?"

"Yes."

"You are mistaken. I've just got all the points. I tell you that is our man, and we are in luck after all."

"You are sure?"

"Yes."

"But where did you get your clew?"

"I had just a slight suspicion: I saw those two go into the restaurant together, and I just made up my mind to have my eye on them."

"You did not say anything to me."

"No, I had a 'point' there."

"And are you sure you are right?"

"I am dead sure."

"How about the old fellow?"

"He's a pal, I reckon; but don't you notice how nice they run together? I'm an old hand, Andy, at this business. I tell you we've got our man."

"But the other fellow?"

"He's only a convoy, that's my idea, a 'cover' for the other one."

"Will you 'nip them both?"

"No; one is all we want."

"How will you do it?"

"We must think it out. We may have to kill him."

"He is a bad one, eh?"

"I just thought I'd talk the matter over. That fellow is a dead shot, and possibly armed to the teeth under his clerical dress. If he makes fight one of us goes down unless we get on to him so quick he can't 'pull.'"

"Will you take him in the train?"

"No; that will not do, we will not have room, but I only wish we had 'got on to him' before we left York."

"We stop at Poughkeepsie?"

"Yes."

"Well, what's your game?"

"We will have to chance it there, and it's my idea one of us three is a doomed man."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A MOMENT the two detectives studied each other's face, and possibly the thought was running through their minds which of them would be the doomed man in case the chances were reduced down to an average of two.

"You will do your work at Poughkeepsie," said one of the officers.

"That's my idea."

"You anticipate he will leave the train?"

"Yes."

"Why not wait our chance and shoot him down like a dog while in the act of leaping from the train? Why should we take any chances?"

"No, we can not do that; in the first place there is a possibility that we are mistaken, and then again we might not be justified. You know there will be a hundred witnesses, and they would swear we did not make an attempt to arrest him, and sympathy always goes with the dead, but know, even a dead criminal, and still further, our warrant calls for an arrest, not a murder."

"I should always feel I was a murderer if we were to shoot that man down in cold blood without having made an attempt to arrest him."

"What is your scheme?"

"I have thought over several plans."

"And have you decided?"

"I have a suggestion to make."

"Go it."

"One of us will jump in on him, and the other will stand by with a cocked revolver, and if he makes fight then shoot, and he will be the doomed man."

"A good scheme."

"You like that idea for a plan?"

"I do."

"Who will pounce on him?"

"I will."

"And I will stand by with the cocked weapon."

"Hold on; that won't do."

"Well?"

"You pounce on him. You may have scruples as to shooting, and may make up your mind when too late."

"And fear you may fire too soon."

"You need not fear."

"You will hold your temper?"

"I will."

"All right, then; that is our plan."

While the two detectives were talking Bardie and the clerical looking gentleman sat with apprehensive expressions upon their faces; but as the time passed, and the detectives did not return, our hero said:

"I reckon we were mistaken."

"How?"

"They have not marked us."

"Don't you run away with that idea."

"Why do they not come and attempt an arrest?"

"They are arranging their plans. They will not attempt it until we reach Poughkeepsie. They think I will leave the car."

"Let's do it," said Bardie.

"Why, man, we are running at the rate of

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forty-five miles an hour. It would be certain death to leap."

"I don't mean that; we will not leap, but how long before we reach Poughkeepsie?"

"We ought to be there in about thirty minutes."

"I have an idea."

"Well?"

"You are a quick man?"

"Yes."

"Go forward to the other car."

"Well?"

"I will follow you."

"Bah! They will have us dead sure then."

"Not if we can get in the baggage-car."

"What do you mean?"

"We will make a change; I will take your disguise, you can take mine."

"A good scheme, if it were practical, but we can not work it, we have not time. It would have been all right if we had worked the game before we left New York."

"We can work it afterward."

"No; I am a doomed man. They are dead on my track; there is no hope for me now. But you take care of yourself; I believe you are a good man, and I do not desire to run you in the same danger as myself."

"See here, my friend; I like you. I have not known you long, but I have no friends in this country, and I've been in tight places before. I'll stand by you. Now, remember, keep cool, no matter what happens, and I'm your man, and I am with you clean through."

"I do not relish being taken."

"You shall not be."

"You will stand by me?"

"To the death."

"No, no; we must not come to death deals. I have no blood on my hands now; I never will have. I can suffer; I can not kill—that is, without sufficient provocation. As I said these men are doing their duty; I will not harm them."

"But you are willing to escape?"

"Yes."

"Then leave the affair to me."

"All right; I will trust to chance."

"How did you discover their plan?" asked Bardie.

"They expect I will leave the train for refreshments at Poughkeepsie."

"And then they will pounce on you?"

"Yes."

"All right, let them pounce; we will be ready for them."

"Remember, no harm must come to them."

"That's all right."

The train thundered on, and at length the shrill signal whistle for a station and a stop sounded. The detectives had not reappeared in the car.

"Here is Poughkeepsie," said the stranger.

"All right. Do not mind me. You get off the car and go for refreshments, and leave the rest to me. If these men do not come near you do not attempt to board the train again, and after it starts I will be at hand. You just lay around and look out for me."

"I fear you mean mischief."

"Do you?"

"Yes."

"You need not; I am not a murderer."

"But you may think yourself justified."

"You need not fear; you do not know me; I have a way for getting men off my track without killing them."

"Tell me what you mean to do?"

"I can in a few words."

"Do so."

"I mean to save you from arrest, that's all."

"How?"

"Oh, you will see when it is done."

"You will force a fight."

"Will I?"

"Yes; you do not know these men; they are old hands, veterans, and when they start in they mean business."

"You know them?"

"I do."

"That's all right. I do not care if they are veterans, as you call them; they shall not capture you."

"I have your promise there shall be no blood shed at all hazards."

"No."

"I will accept your word."

"That is all right."

The train began to slow up, and soon came to a halt before the flashing lights of the Poughkeepsie station, and our hero said:

"Now is your time."

BARDIE was cool as a cucumber, and that was one of his good traits; and it is an excellent and useful characteristic in an emergency. Coolness enables a man to do more at a critical moment than any other human attribute.

The clerical gentleman rose and left the car, and a few seconds later our hero left the car.

He saw the two officers. He was watching for them. He saw them glide after the clerical looking gentleman, and he saw one of them touch him upon the shoulder.

"Can I speak to you a moment, sir?" said the detective.

Our hero's late companion was perfectly cool, as he repeated:

"Speak to me?"

"Yes."

"What do you desire to say to me?"

"You were talking to the deaf man in the car?"

"I was."

"Will you step this way. I wish to ask you a few questions?"

The clerical gentleman considered a moment. He saw the game. They desired to get him away from the crowd, and under all the circumstances he favored the plan himself. If he was to be arrested it was better, and if there was to be a chance for escape it was still better; but he did not acquiesce at once, but said:

"I do not see why you should question me about that man."

"You know him?"

"Yes."

"I wish to ask you some questions."

"Do so here."

"I have a reason why I desire you to step beyond the crowd."

"And I will lose my supper."

"I will detain you but a moment."

The clerical man stepped along with the detective. They walked down the long platform to the end of the building, and stepped across the track behind a lot of freight-cars. It was a very singular proceeding, but, as it chanced, both men were agreed as to the plan, although from different motives.

The moment they were behind the freight-cars the detective suddenly grasped hold of the clerical gentleman by both wrists, and exclaimed:

"Tom Gadding, you are my prisoner!"

At the same instant Detective Number two leaped forward, as though appearing from the ground, and he exclaimed, as he aimed a cocked revolver at the man's head: "Show fight, and you are a dead man."

The words had hardly left the lips of Detective Number two when he went sprawling, and as he fell the pistol was kicked from his grasp, and at the same instant the clerical gentleman broke loose from his captor, and dealt him a blow that downed him.

The whole episode occurred in a few seconds. "Cover your man," said Bardie, "and if he speaks silence him."

Our hero leaped upon his man, and quick as thought went through his clothes and found a pair of handcuffs, which he clapped upon the man's wrists, and, taking the hint, Tom Gadding also found a pair of handcuffs and clapped them on the wrists of his man, when suddenly there came a shout, and half a dozen men came rushing to the scene of action.

"Ah, you villains, we've got you this time," said Bardie.

Strong men crowded around and asked questions, and Bardie said:

"We are a couple of detectives; we've been shadowing these men and we've got 'em."

The two detectives protested, and announced themselves as the detectives, but their protestations were received with laughs of derision. As the saying goes, our hero had the "bulge" on them—they were handcuffed, and the conditions favored the fugitives.

The two detectives protested vigorously, and Bardie, who had recovered his hearing in a most remarkable manner, said:

"That's it, my beauties, protest, but you will have a better chance when we get you back to York."

The signal whistle sounded, the train was about to start, and the train-men and passengers hurried away on.

Bardie said:

"Tom, we'll lead the rascals down the road a bit and take them up to the hotel till morning. I reckon we've got 'em good enough."

The two detectives sought to protest and resist, when Bardie whispered:

"If you fellows make any trouble we'll silence you, do you mind?"

The two men were compelled to walk along, and two or three idle men attempted to follow, when Bardie ordered them back; and, when the men refused to obey the order, he drew a weapon—the pistol he had captured from the detective—and the men scattered.

The two fugitives hurried their men down the track, and came to a place where a lot of boats were moored. Bardie led the way down to the river. One of the boats had the oars in it, and the two detectives were tossed into the boat. Our hero, as our readers know, was a splendid oarsman, and he drove the boat forward just as a man came running down to the river-bank, shouting:

"Is this your boat?" called Bardie.

"Yes; bring it back."

"We will in about half an hour. We do not want your old boat, and we will pay you well for the use of it."

"Bring back my boat!"

"Yes, in half an hour," called Bardie, and he pulled more vigorously.

"What are you rascals going to do?" demanded one of the detectives.

"See how you fellows can swim with your hands tied," said Bardie, in a cold, relentless tone.

"You mean to murder us in cold blood."

"No; in cold water, my friend."

"What's that?" suddenly demanded Gadding.

The night was very dark, and the splash of oars was heard.

"It's the fellow coming after his boat. Let him come; we'll drown him along with these other fellows."

The two detectives sat side by side, like a pair of statues cast in bronze.

A moment later and the man in the boat came along after them, and Bardie ceased rowing, and waited for the man to come alongside.

"Well, what do you want?"

"My boat."

"And you want us to get out of it?"

"I want you to pull back ashore."

"And suppose we refuse?"

"I will have you arrested."

"You will?"

"I will, by thunder!"

"All right, sonny; call a policeman."

Even the detectives were compelled to laugh. "See here, my friend, you keep boats to hire?"

"I do."

"Consider this one hired."

"That won't do."

"Pull up here, and I will pay the money."

"No; you fellows are thieves."

"You're right, my man," said the detective.

"You pull back ashore and give the alarm."

CHAPTER XXXV.

"You can't play that on me," said the man; "I'm no countryman."

It was Bardie's turn to laugh, and he did so right heartily.

"Come," cried the man; "will you give me my boat?"

"And do you expect us to walk ashore?"

"No."

"What will we do?"

"Give me my boat."

"See here, Mister Man, you annoy me."

"You fellows turn round with that boat and pull back to where you came from."

There came a sudden report, and a bullet whistled over the boat owner's head.

The man uttered a shriek, and commenced to pull away like mad, and resuming his oars, Bardie pulled toward the opposite shore, and in due time he arrived, and the two detectives were assisted out of the boat.

"Now, my friends," said Bardie, "you are in luck."

"Who are you?" asked one of the detectives.

"I'm a stranger, eh?"

"Yes."

"Well, I prefer to remain one."

"We will get you some day; but I will tell you this much, we are not after you."

"Oh, thank you!"

"And as to Tom Gadding, we'll get him some day, and then we will make him pay for this job."

"You fellows are not as good as you seem."

to be. You ought to admire the manner in which it was done."

"We do admire the manner in which it was done—it was well done; but we'll do our act yet."

"Oh, you fellows are tragedians, I see; you do the heavy act. Well, we are only comedians. We do the farce, you know; and now you fellows can walk the track to Sing Sing; and cross over quick or the countrymen may take you for runaways."

"Take these things off, you fellows; will you?"

"Why should we? They belong to you," said Bardie; and he added: "Now, gentlemen, good-morning; daylight will soon appear; but remember, if you and I ever meet again it will go harder with you than it has this time; good-night, sweetheart, good-night."

Bardie pulled away from the shore, and headed his boat up stream.

"What will you do?" asked Gadding.

"What will I do?"

"Yes."

"I will pull up stream a mile or two and land."

"On this side?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Well, those fellows will think we have gone back to the other side."

"I reckon you have it right. We have lost our baggage," said Gadding.

"Not much," said Bardie. "I have mine here."

Our hero had ingeniously stored all his really valuable baggage about his person, and as he pulled along he said:

"I've a change of clothing for both of us."

"That's lucky."

"Indeed it is, for within an hour after daylight there will be telegrams all over the state."

"And what will we do? We will be hunted like dogs."

"Will we?"

"Yes."

"You just leave that matter to me, on one condition. I must know all about you, and if I am satisfied with your story, you can stick to me, and I will stick to you, and we can defy all the detectives in the land."

Bardie pulled about three miles up the river and then said:

"We will land here."

He ran the boat ashore and both men alighted. Bardie looked at his watch, and said:

"It is within an hour and a half of daylight; we can get over a good deal of ground."

"Which way will you go?"

"Do you know the country around here?"

"Yes, I do; I know every foot of it."

"Can we get over to the mountains?"

"We can."

"How long a tramp is it?"

"Seven or eight hours."

"Suppose we find a nook under the river bank here where we can rest until to-morrow night. I do not think it safe to move at present."

The two fugitives wandered along the bank until they came to an overhanging cliff, and crawling up its face, they found a natural cave, and into the latter they crawled, and under all the circumstances they were very fortunate, as a rain set in, and in a few moments they would have been drenched to the skin.

It was late in the fall of the year when the incidents we have narrated occurred. There had been a warm spell, but the rain was a break in the weather and an intimation of a colder season.

It was a shallow cave, a mere indentation in the face of the rock practically, but a shelving ledge well shielded them from the rain as it beat at the time, and they were all right.

The two men were pretty well tired out, and they stretched themselves on some leaves and river drift that they had gathered, and were soon fast asleep.

It was well into the day when they awoke, and a cold, drizzling, disagreeable day it was, and yet they were comparatively comfortable, as they were sheltered from the wind and were both warmly clad.

"This is comfort," said Gadding.

"Well, yes; a sort of comfort," answered Bardie.

"It is comfort, because for the time being it is safety and freedom," said Gadding.

"You are right there," confirmed Bardie.

"I tell you it is hard to be hunted and hounded, and to know no peace or security," continued Gadding.

"It is corroborated," said Bardie.

"Then you are a fugitive?"

"I am."

"And for how long a time have you been a fugitive?"

"Long enough to get used to it," said Bardie; adding decisively, however: "but I am not used to it, and I never will be."

"Nor am I."

"How long have you been a fugitive?" asked Bardie.

"About all my life, I may say."

There came a shadow to our hero's face. He had hoped his new companion was an innocent man, but his confession intimated the contrary.

"I must hear your story," said our hero.

"You shall hear my story; you are a good fellow, and you have done me a good service; but I can not stand it much longer; I will be taken some day."

"You will be taken some day, eh?"

"Yes."

"Well, that depends; and you say I have done you a good service?"

"Yes."

"I may do you a greater service yet before we separate; but between you and me, my friend, I am hungry."

Bardie smiled as he spoke the words.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE wind fairly howled over their heads and ran sweeping down the cliff; but as it came from the land side the fierce rain did not beat in on the two fugitives. And when Bardie drew a number of sandwiches from his pocket the eyes of his companion glistened.

"I am hungry," he said.

"Are you?"

"I am."

"And I am hungry; in fact, I've always a pretty good appetite."

The two men commenced to eat, and once again Gadding exclaimed:

"This is real comfort. I wish I could stay here all my life."

"You would like to stay here all your life?"

"Well, there is a sense of security that is very comforting under all the circumstances."

Our hero looked sharply at his companion. He saw that he possessed an intelligent, even a good, face. He was, upon the whole, a fine-looking man, and, evidently, not more than two- or three-and-thirty.

"How old are you?" asked Bardie.

"How old do you think?"

"I should say you were rising thirty."

"I am; yes, I am in my thirty-third year."

"And you have been a fugitive all your life?"

"Yes; pretty much all my life."

"Did you ever commit a crime?"

"Yes, I have; a common burglary. I am really a criminal."

"I am sorry to hear that," said Bardie.

"It is true. I will not attempt any concealment with you, as I am fully satisfied that you are a sincere and square man."

"And yet I am a fugitive, and I am accused of a terrible crime."

"Of what crime are you accused?"

"Murder."

"You are innocent?"

"I am."

"I wish I could say I am innocent; but no, I am a criminal; but one thing I can say, I never harmed a living soul, not even a detective. I remember once, when I was pursued by a detective, I had him dead to rights. I could have killed him, and I was tempted to do so, as by his death I could escape. It was a question of arrest or escape, and I could only escape over his dead body."

"And what did you do?"

"I surrendered."

"Then you are not a criminal at heart?"

"I can swear I am not."

"How is it then you became one?"

"I was driven to crime!"

"Nonsense! no man is driven to crime."

"I was."

"I can see how a man can be persecuted, but it does not follow because he is that he need become a criminal."

"What you say is correct, and I can see now that I would have proved myself more of a man if I had resisted, but I tell you mine has been a hard lot."

"Will you tell me your story?"

"I will; I am a foundling."

"A what?"

"A foundling. I was placed in an orphan

asylum, or rather a nursery when I was but a few months of age."

"By whom?"

"I never knew."

"Then you never knew your parents?"

"Never."

"And you have no idea or suspicion as to your parentage?"

"I have not."

"Well, in one way your career and mine have been similar; I did not know my parentage until I was a man grown."

"Will you tell me your story?"

Bardie proceeded and told his story, and when he had concluded Gadding resumed his own narrative, and said:

"From the nursery I was placed in an orphan asylum, and there I received pretty fair teaching, but at the age of thirteen I was wrongfully accused of crime. The proofs were all against me; I protested my innocence, but was sent to a reformatory, as the crime of which I had been accused was a very serious one."

"And you were innocent?"

"I was as innocent of that crime as you are to-day. Another lad committed the crime and accused me."

"Did you never get square with him?"

"Alas! his own sin found him out. He died upon the gallows when but twenty-three, poor fellow."

"And you were sent to a reformatory?"

"I was, and very badly treated; and, watching a chance, I ran away, and started out in the world, resolved to be an honest man and make an honest living. I wandered around the country for a couple of years, and then secured, by a chance, a position in a country store. But, alas! my bad luck followed me. The store was robbed; I was accused of the robbery, and arrested. I again protested my innocence; but they secured my previous record, and on that and the evidence I was convicted and sent to jail under a sentence for five years. I remained one year in the jail, and escaped. Then I went west, and in good time got another position on a railroad. Again my bad luck followed me. The express car was robbed one night, and after some weeks I was arrested as one of the robbers, and every effort was made to induce me to name my confederates."

"How did it come about that you were arrested?"

"Ah! my previous record. Yes, sir; a detective was put upon the case, and he started out to study up the records of the men on the road, and he soon managed to find out that I was an escaped convict; and my record was my doom, for on that alone I was convicted and sent to jail once more."

"And up to that time you had lived an honest life?"

"I had."

"Well, you were in bad luck."

"Yes, I was wrongfully convicted; indeed, I barely escaped being lynched, as the express messenger at the time of the robbery was badly wounded; indeed, for a long time it was thought he would not recover."

"And you were sent to jail again?"

"I was, and I managed to escape once more; but I had a worse record than ever, and I was still an honest man, and I was determined to remain honest. I came east and went to Pennsylvania, and secured work under an assumed name as a common coal miner. I worked hard; but again my bad luck followed me. There was a strike and a riot, and houses were burned and much property destroyed. I took no hand in the affair. I was in court as a spectator at the time of the trial of several men who had been arrested on suspicion, and again I was recognized by a detective, and at once I was arrested, and soon it was made to appear that I was a desperate character, and at the bottom of all the mischief. At any rate, they had a good chance to get rid of me, and I was returned to finish a sentence of ten years for the express robbery."

"And you were still an honest man?"

"As I live, I was an honest man: but ill luck attended me, and in the end I became desperate."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"I CAN never approve of a man's becoming a criminal under any circumstances," said Bardie; "but I will say it is not strange that you were forced to the commission of crime."

"I did not voluntarily commit crime. When I was returned to the jail they treated me with

the utmost harshness because of my former escape; indeed, many times I was tempted to take my own life, but, would you believe it? conscientious scruples alone prevented me. I have always been a believer in God and future punishments and rewards, and I did not dare take my own life; but I made up my mind to attempt my escape once more, and in good time I succeeded, but I was fired upon and wounded, and still I kept on and reached the woods, and there I found a horse, and on this I mounted. The horse was saddled and bridled, and the taking of him was my first crime. Wounded as I was, I rode for sixteen hours, and then from sheer exhaustion was compelled to dismount and let the horse go. It was near morning, and I struggled on to where I saw a light gleaming from a house window. I crept to the house; the people were moving about and I was admitted, and I told them I had been hunting and had wounded myself with my own gun.

I was taken in, and discovered that the house was occupied by a widow and her daughter.

"Did they suspect who you were?"

"Let me proceed and tell you all."

"Yes, go ahead," said Bardie.

"The widow would have sent for a doctor, nearly twenty miles distant, but I begged her not to do so, and I think from that moment she suspected something wrong, but she said no more about a doctor and treated me with every attention and kindness. I remained in her house six weeks, and in the end fully recovered, and when I was about able to go away she came to my room one day and said:

"You are now fully recovered?"

"I said: 'I am, thanks to your kind care.'"

"I can harbor you no longer," she said, and from her words I knew that she knew, or at least suspected, my identity, and a moment later she confirmed my suspicion with the remark:

"I do not know as I did right. You came to my house a fellow-mortal, wounded, in sore distress, and I gave you shelter, and I have done all that I can to restore you to life. I trust you will receive what has befallen you as a warning and will sin no more."

"I said: 'Madame, you think I am a criminal?'"

"Yes; I know who you are. You are Tom Gadding, the wicked man of many crimes; but even for you there is forgiveness and mercy. Your life has been spared, and I trust you will make a better use of your opportunities."

"Then I told her my story."

"Did she believe your strange tale?"

"Yes, she did believe my story; for from the moment I told her she treated me in a decidedly different manner. I went away."

"And have you ever seen her since?"

"No."

"How long ago did this occur?"

"About nine years ago. I told you she had a daughter. The girl, at the time I was taken in at the house, was about nine years of age. One year later the widow died. Her death was the result of an accident, and her daughter was left helpless in the world. I went in the neighborhood in disguise to learn about them, and learned, as I have said, that the widow was dead, and I learned further that there was a mortgage on the farm, and after her death the owner of the mortgage foreclosed and seized the property, leaving the daughter a beggar. I learned that the child had been adopted by a farmer, and I determined to go and see her secretly. When I approached the house I heard cries and screams, and rushing to the window, beheld the man beating the orphan in the most brutal manner. I rushed in and knocked the brute down, and seizing the girl in my arms ran out with her. We traveled to the woods, and the child told me how brutally she had been treated, and I said to her:

"I owe my life to you and your mother. I will take care of you, I will become your brother, and see that no harm comes to you."

"It was but a fair return on your part," said Bardie.

"Yes; but I had really promised more than I could perform. I said I would take care of her, but I was a hounded fellow, homeless and penniless."

"But you had not committed any crime."

"Up to that time I had committed no crime save the stealing of a horse, and I learned that the owner eventually recovered him, and I am only responsible in that affair for the cost I put him in getting back the animal."

"Well, that is a fair way of looking at it; but what did you do?"

"I started with the girl, and we walked

many, many miles. I crossed with her one state after another, coming eastward, and I traveled to New England."

"How did you live by the way?"

"I begged for what we eat, and we slept where we could, and every night I watched over the child, and when we arrived in New England I took her to a house to board. I said she was my sister, that I was a mechanic out of work, and that as soon as I got work I would come for her, and that I would pay good board."

"What prospect had you for work?"

"Ah, I had broken up at last. I resolved to do for the child of my benefactor that which I had never done for myself. I determined to become a criminal and steal, and I did rob a farm-house. I secured one hundred dollars in cash."

"You were a thief at last."

"Yes; I was a criminal at last; but, mark you, I took down the name of my victim and the exact amount of which I had robbed him."

"Why did you keep the record?"

"I have kept the record of every crime I have committed."

"That is strange."

"I know the names of every one of my victims. I have their addresses and the date of the robbery, and the amount of which I robbed them."

"What was your purpose in keeping the record?"

"I always indulged a hope that some day I would be able to refund all that I had stolen; and now I've a strange statement to make: I have repaid every victim, and I have one creditor for the whole amount, and what is more, I never used one dollar of all my robberies for my own personal benefit."

"That is indeed a strange statement."

"It is; and I have some still stranger revelations to make. Yes, my life has been a strange one. I can claim I am an odd criminal."

"You are; but proceed with your weird story."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

CONTINUING his narrative, Gadding said:

"First let me explain how it is I have but one victim."

"Yes, do so."

"I robbed a bank of five thousand dollars, and with that amount I repaid every one of my other victims, and I have letters from some of them, offering to return the stolen money to me again."

"And did you refuse it?"

"I did."

"You say you expect some day to settle with your last victim?"

"There was a time when I hoped to do so, but now I am hopeless. I shall be taken some day, and my career will end. I shall die in jail."

"See here, my friend; you will do no such thing."

"Do you call me your friend?"

"Yes, I do—on the strength of your story, which I believe to be true."

"The tale I have told you is the truth—nothing but the truth."

"And it is a very remarkable story. And were you ever arrested again?"

"Yes, and again I escaped from prison, and these escapes gained for me a reputation for being the most desperate burglar on the face of the earth."

"Is your real name Gadding?"

"I have no real name."

"But was that the name under which you were registered in the asylum?"

"Yes."

"But it is not your real name?"

"I am at liberty to adopt any name I choose, for I am nameless."

"And you have never heard anything to indicate your parentage?"

The robber for a moment was silent.

"Why do you not answer me?"

"You would laugh were I to relate a very singular experience."

"No, I would not laugh."

"I think I have seen my mother?"

"You think you have seen your mother?"

"Yes."

"Under what circumstances?"

"Ah, I dare not tell you."

"Yes, tell me; do not fear."

"You will laugh?"

"No, I will not."

"I can not help it if you do, but I will tell you the truth; I have seen her in my dreams."

Bardie did not laugh, but an involuntary look of incredulity did overspread his face.

"Ah, I thought you would laugh."

"I am not laughing, but I do not take much stock in dreams."

"Nor I; and I do not really attach any supernatural importance to my own dreams; and I think I can account for them; but one thing I will say, they are pleasant to me, and the angel of my dreams has exerted a great influence over me; indeed, the only incentive to honor has come through this apparition of a dream."

"Tell me about your dream."

"When I was in the orphan asylum I heard some of the children who remembered their parents tell about them, and I often wondered that I had no parent to recollect, and I asked one of our teachers or matrons one day about it, and she being a kind, good soul, told me my parents were in Heaven. Her statement made a great impression upon my mind, and at once my imagination became excited, and I pictured an angel as my mother, and one night in a dream there came to me a beautiful woman, and in my sleep I called her mamma, and she called back to me 'My child,' and she seemed to lay her hand on my brow, and she talked to me and told me to be a good boy, and some day I would come to her and be her angel son."

Bardie was deeply affected; the story was, indeed, under all the circumstances, a very affecting one.

"Have you seen your mother often in your dreams?"

"Often when I was a child, but only rarely since I have been a man, and only once since I became a criminal."

"And does this apparition of your dreams always talk to you?"

"Not since I really became a thief; no, she came just once, and then for an instant cast upon me a reproachful glance and disappeared."

"I think your dream can be accounted for on natural grounds, but it is a very strange incident all the same."

"It is an incident that has exerted a great influence over me, and now I've a still more strange incident to relate; I have a photograph of the apparition."

"You have a photograph of the apparition?"

"I have."

"The apparition of your dream?"

"Yes."

Our hero felt a suspicion creeping through his mind. It came to him that after all he was talking to a maniac and listening to the wild, weird narrative of a disordered brain.

"That seems strange to say, Gadding."

"It does."

"And yet is easily explained."

"I wish you would explain to me how you made a photograph of a fantasy of the brain."

"I will do so."

"Proceed."

"I dreamed often of seeing the apparition, and it was always the same face, and it made a deep impression upon my mind and memory; indeed, the features fixed themselves as a tangible portrait on my remembrance, and one day I had a pencil in my hand and I commenced to draw a face. I discovered that I was a natural artist, and when I had completed the face I recognized that I had reproduced the face of the apparition of my dreams. Afterward, when in prison, I secured materials through the kindness of the keeper, and carefully reproduced the face, and when I again escaped from prison I took the ink drawing to one of those photo-engraving companies, and had the face reproduced, and it is a splendid picture."

"This is a remarkable story."

"Ah! but I have a still more remarkable sequel to relate. About six weeks ago I published the picture in an illustrated paper, and a week later received a letter asking about the original of the picture. I answered the letter, but never received an answer in return."

"And you are a natural artist?"

"I am."

"Why did you not seek to earn an honest living as an artist?"

"I did do so, and I became an art student, but alas! I was hounded from place to place. I never dared reveal my real identity to those with whom I studied, and the detectives always got on my track, and I was compelled to flee."

"Why did you not flee to Europe?"

"I never had the money."

"You had the proceeds of your robberies?"

"I never used one cent of those robberies for my own benefit, never."

"And for whose benefit have you used them?"

"Your question brings me back to the part of my narrative where I tell of my first crime."

"Yes, and now take up your story there and tell me in detail."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"I TOLD you I stole a hundred dollars; well, I went back within a week to where I had left the little girl, my charge."

"You have not told me the girl's name?"

"Her name is Claire."

"Her last name?"

"I will tell you some other day, not now."

"Why not?"

"Well, at least let me first finish my narrative."

"All right."

"I returned and paid one week's board for the little girl and then went away. I sent money for her board, and she remained with the people for three months; at the end of that time I succeeded in having a nice wardrobe prepared for her. And I took her to a boarding-school, and there she has remained ever since. She is a young lady now, one of the most beautiful girls you ever saw, and she is well educated. She is a teacher in the school where she was educated. She is now self-supporting, and since she has been teaching I have not taken a dollar that did not rightfully belong to me."

"How long has she been teaching?"

"For over a year now."

"Do you ever see her?"

"I have seen her; yes, often at the school. They think I am her brother—that I am an artist. They do not dream that the pretended Henry Armour is the notorious criminal, Tom Gadding."

"Then the girl's name is Armour?"

"Yes, I took her name so as to carry out the deception as to being her brother."

"And does the girl know who you really are?"

"Yes."

"Does she know that you are really a criminal?"

"She does."

"And she respects you still?"

"She loves me as though I really were her own brother."

"Does she know that you became a criminal solely on her account?"

"No; I would not tell her that. On the contrary, I've made her believe that every dollar spent for her education has been honestly earned."

"And does she believe you?"

"I fear not; but she pretends to believe me."

"What does she really suspect?"

"I believe in my heart that she really suspects the absolute truth."

"Say, Tom, let me be your friend?"

"You are my friend."

"Then tell me all."

"What shall I tell you?"

"You love this girl?"

"As a sister."

"Bah! you love her beyond that."

"No, no."

"Yes, you do."

"I will not permit myself to do so. I am a criminal."

"Well, technically you are; morally you are not. Yours has been a hard lot; but it strikes me that your great misfortune has been in not having a friend with whom to advise. For what crime are you being so closely pursued now?"

"The bank robbery. The officers of that bank are determined to run me down, and I am sure they will succeed some day."

"They never will, old man."

"They will. Yes, I know they will."

"Tell me about this Claire Armour."

"She is supporting me now with the money she earns."

"And she loves you?"

"As a brother, yes."

"Bah! I see through this strange romance, and now listen to me; I am your friend; we will pull together. I have a scheme in my mind, and you shall become a partner with me."

"What is your scheme?"

"We are both fugitives."

"Yes."

"We are both well-meaning men. I am innocent, and you prefer to lead an honest life."

"I would be willing to die if permitted to live five years in peace."

"You shall live very many years in peace barring the usual chances of human life."

"No, no; those men are on my track. They will follow me up, and in the end they will 'close in' on me, and I will never again attempt to escape from jail."

"You shall not go to jail, old man. I tell you I have a scheme."

"And what is your scheme?"

"We will go where there are no jails, judges, juries, or detectives."

"Where can we go to escape them?"

"To the far, far west. Yes, we will go out and become prospectors, and some day we will strike a mine, and we will both cover our identity. We will make a fortune, and you can settle with the bank and flee to Europe, and you can take Claire with you, and dwell in peace where no one will know of your past career, and I can also manage to arrange with the wretches who are pursuing me."

There came a cold smile over the face of Tom Gadding as he said:

"I've tried that; your scheme is but a wild dream."

"You have tried it, eh?"

"Yes; I spent two years in the wilds, and if it had not been for one thing I should have remained there as a recluse, but as true as I sit here I was trailed even to the wilderness, and one day in a ranch I was confronted with my own portrait in an illustrated paper, and I was compelled to flee. No, there is no place on earth where I can hide from my pursuers."

"Bah, man! you are in a nervous condition. Did the parties who confronted you with your portrait accuse you of being the man?"

"No, but they knew me all the same."

"They did?"

"Yes."

"How do you know?"

"I know they did."

"Bah! it was all your imagination; you came east again?"

"Yes, I believe I am safer here; there are more hiding-places."

"Well, speaking from a certain standpoint, you are right, but now, listen: you have acted under your own volition all these years, and you have passed from hard luck to harder luck; would it not be well to take the advice of another?"

"What do you propose?"

"I propose that you write to Miss Claire Armour, and tell her that she may not hear from you for a year or two; tell her that you have found a good friend, and that some day you will return a free man."

"Have you really confidence in your scheme?"

"I have."

"And you propose that I should write?"

"Yes, and tell me, have the detectives got on to this Armour cover?"

"No."

"Then there is no risk in writing the letter."

"I think not."

"You are homeless and penniless?"

"I am."

"You have no scheme of your own? You are practically but a hunted criminal?"

"I am."

"Had you been alone last night you would have been arrested."

"I would have been, surely."

"But as there were two of us we escaped?"

"Yes."

"Good; we will try it again together, and see what will come."

CHAPTER XL.

THE two men eat a good, hearty meal, and our hero produced pen, paper, and envelope, and Tom Gadding wrote the letter as directed, and Bardie agreed to post it.

After the letter was written Tom Gadding said:

"You are not well posted in this land?"

"No, but I am a man without any nationality at present. I've been called a Monte-Cristo. Well, it's a Monte-Cristo I'll be some day."

"We will be tracked before to-morrow night. These American detectives are like sleuth-hounds."

"Are they?"

"They are."

"Well, they will not capture me nor you either, if you follow strictly my advice."

"Upon your invitation I have cast in my lot with you."

"And you will never regret it."

"What is your scheme?"

"To go west. Yes, way west."

"But I mean your immediate scheme."

"My first game will be to throw those detectives off our track."

"You will not succeed unless we separate."

"That will not be in accordance with my plan."

"If we attempt to travel together we will be overtaken."

"Now let us see. You are acquainted with the trails in those mountains over to the westward?"

"I am."

"My idea is to go there and hide ourselves for a few weeks until the immediate excitement following last night's adventure has settled down, and then we will make our way west."

"Ah! but we will not travel far."

"We will travel all the way. I've something to teach you, Tom; I'm quite a poteneer artist, I am, and I will work a scheme that will please you and prove a winning game."

"You really inspire me with courage."

"I'll make a man of you, and now don't you forget it, and I'll place you in a position from where you can defy all your enemies."

"One moment; I never had but one real enemy. The men who are pursuing me look upon me as a desperate criminal."

"Well, you do take a fair view of the situation."

"I do."

"Who was your real enemy?"

"The lad who first accused me of crime, and to him I owe all my misfortune. I owe all to a false record, a bad record, and it is that record that has pursued me."

"But your career has its compensation."

"How?"

"You have been the means of rescuing a helpless orphan, and to her you have been a great benefactor."

"That is true."

"Well, old man, look ahead now. I've got big ideas in my head as concerns you and myself also, and I believe all will come right in the end for both of us. We may have a hard time to get west, but we'll get there all the same in spite of all the detectives in this broad land, and we will be winners after we get there."

"You fill my heart with hope and courage."

"And that is what I want to do, and to-night we make our start. But, I say, it was a nice game we worked on those detectives."

"It was, but they will be on our track. Yes, you can make up your mind that every farmer within twenty miles around here is on the lookout for us. There is a large reward offered for me, you know. I was engaged in but one bank robbery, and I carried out the scheme all alone, but they connect me with several other bank robberies, and they believe if they catch me they get the principal man."

"How large is the reward offered for you?"

"Twenty-five thousand dollars in all."

"Well, there is about the same amount offered for me. We would prove a fortune to a pair of detectives."

"That is so, in case of our identification."

"They will have to catch us before they identify us."

"I think they will."

"What has become of your hope and courage?"

"We are playing against too great odds."

"Well, now, you trust to me. I am only a poor Paddy, as they call us in this land of yours, but I'll show them what Paddy can do—and that's what 'Paddy gave the drum!'"

The two men rested until night. Toward evening the rain ceased, and it blew up clear and cold.

It was about nine o'clock when Bardie said:

"Now, we will make a start."

The two men had changed their appearance in a most remarkable manner. Our hero had assumed the rôle of a poor immigrant Dutchman, and Gadding was got up in similar style.

Their other disguises were packed and bound in a parcel, and they issued from the cave.

They were compelled to descend to the river bank, and they walked along until they came to a place where they could climb up to the road, and along the latter they proceeded until they came to a place where a light gleamed, and Bardie said:

"It's a German beer shop. We will go in."

"No, no, that will not do," said Gadding.

"Why not?" asked Bardie.
 "We will give them a clew from the very start. I've had lots of experience, let me tell you."

"Well, it's to throw them off that I go in here. Do you mind, it will be known that two men passed along here. If they do not know what sort of men they were, why, we will be pursued; but if they do know, our pursuers will go in another direction."

"The risk is too great; you had better take my advice."

"And what is your advice?"

"We will keep on our way and dodge all houses and avoid being seen if possible."

"Just this once take my advice, and then we will act upon my judgment until we make one mistake, after that we will act upon yours."

"It may be too late, but do as you choose."

"I'll bring you out all right. Do not have any fear for me; I generally know what I am about."

The two men boldly entered the beer saloon, which was located on the outskirts of a small river village, and finding several Germans gathered around Bardie said in most excellent German:

"Good-evening, countrymen."

Gadding was surprised a moment later to hear our hero talking Dutch like a native, and he could see from the approving nods of the men that he was displaying a great knowledge of localities, and indeed acting the rôle of a German to the letter.

The two men had several glasses of beer, and Bardie purchased quite a good store of Dutch food in the way of sausage, rye bread and the like, and when the two men came out to take the road our hero asked:

"Well, what do you think of it now?"

CHAPTER XLI.

TOM GADDING expressed his satisfaction.

"I reckon we are 'covered' a little," said Bardie.

"Indeed, we are, my friend. I did not know you could speak German so well."

"Ah, I can, and several other languages, and my gift will serve us well."

"It will."

"And now," said Bardie, "we want to post your letter. I've got the direction to the post-office, and when we have dropped the note we'll move on toward the mountains, and I reckon we've a bit of food to last us for a few days."

"If we make for the mountains of Sullivan County we will find all the game we need," said Tom Gadding.

"All right, the Irish name of the county suits me," responded our hero.

We will ask of our readers permission to digress right here for a few paragraphs, in order to point out an important fact, one that it will be well to remember.

Tom Gadding told his remarkable story, and

showed how it is possible for an innocent man to be pursued as a criminal, and the whole trouble lay in his bad record. It was this record that pursued him, it was this record that first attracted suspicion toward and each time led to his conviction and imprisonment.

It is a fact that the record of an accused person almost daily decides his fate in the courts.

When the testimony is conflicting, the judge goes into the man's previous record: if that is good the accused gets the benefit of it. If it is bad it weighs in the judge's mind in confirming his judgment as to guilt. In other words a good character is about the best safeguard a young man can throw around himself.

It is a rare thing for a person to receive a bad record through accident or malevolence; but it is a frequent thing for *young men* to be careless about their record, and a bad record once attached to one's name it is almost impossible to clear it off, and, as stated, the best safeguard against possible false accusations is a good record. The sword that stabs unfair suspicion is a good previous character, and all young men and women should be careful throughout their whole lives to avoid doing anything that will affix to their names a bad record.

Bardie and Tom Gadding found the post-office, and dropped in the latter's letter, and then the two men started for the mountains.

By midnight they had covered twelve miles, and sat down to rest at a small country place where had been commenced a station for a new railroad that was being built through that section of country, and Bardie remarked:

"I'd like to crawl in here and spend the night."

"But it won't do," said Gadding.

The words had hardly left his mouth, when there stood across them a gleam of light. On the next instant three men carrying lanterns approached.

"Halloo, what are you fellows doing there?" demanded one of the men.

Bardie undertook to act as spokesman, and he said:

"Vot vos dot your pizziness?"

"Well you will explain who you are, or you will find out whether it is my business or not."

"I vos explain noddings; it vos not your pizziness who I vos."

"Well, I reckon I know who you are: your name is Tom Gadding, and that fellow may be Bardie O'Connor."

The man spoke with a flourish, as though he expected to see both men betray considerable trepidation; but instead both merely laughed in a quiet manner.

The three men held a few moments' consultation, and then started away.

"It is time for us to get," said Gadding.

"It is?"

"Yes."

"Why so?"

"Those fellows are going for assistance: they suspect us, and it is as I told you it would

be, we have been advertised throughout twenty counties and we're going to have a hot time."

"Then you propose that we run?"

"Yes."

"And those fellows will then conclude that they are right, and will get upon our trail."

"But we will get a few hours' start."

"This is a matter we must consider."

"I tell you, the best thing for us to do is to 'flit.'"

"It will make it a chase."

"That is just what I have anticipated. We will be taken."

"You think so?"

"I do."

"Well, I'm not the lad to be taken. I love my freedom too well; but I am settled to your opinion: we had better 'flit.'"

The two men started to moved away, when Gadding whispered:

"Halloo! see there!"

"What is it?"

"They have left a fellow to watch us."

"Is that so?"

"There he is, behind that pile of boards!"

"We will have to nab that fellow!" said Bardie.

"We will have to act quickly."

"There is a creek down there."

"Yes."

"The sneak and the creek will go well together, or rather, the creek will run freer if the fellow is run into it. Now we will separate; and between one or the other of us, in the darkness, can come upon that fellow, and we'll let him take a swim. Yes, it's well to go with the swim nowadays."

Gadding caught on to Bardie's hint, and the two men separated, and at once they saw the fellow make a move. Our hero was a regular cat in his movements, and in less than two minutes he was on to the "sneak" and nabbed him. The man would have made an outcry, but Bardie had hold of him by the throat, so quickly and with such a firm grasp the fellow was unable to utter a single sound.

Just as Bardie seized the man, Gadding came up, and the two lifted their prisoner from his feet and ran him toward a little bridge that overhung the creek.

The man struggled, but he was helpless in the hands of his two powerful captors, and with a one, two, three, they let him swing, and over he went into the water with a splash.

"Now we'll 'flit,'" said Bardie.

The two men started forward, but had gone but a short distance when they heard voices, and the next moment there came a sound more startling and ominous.

"They're on to us," said Gadding, and a pal-lor overspread his face.

"That was the bay of a hound," said Bardie.

"Yes."

"Well, they are on our track?"

"They are."

"Let them come," was the quiet rejoinder.

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283 The Sin of a Lifetime; or, Vivien's Atonement. 10
287 At War With Herself. 10
923 At War With Herself. (Large type edition). 20
288 From Gloom to Sunlight; or, From Out the Gloom. 10
955 From Gloom to Sunlight; or, From Out the Gloom. (Large type edition). 20
291 Love's Warfare. 10
292 A Golden Heart. 10
293 The Shadow of a Sin. 10
948 The Shadow of a Sin. (Large type edition). 20
294 Lady Hutton's Ward. 10
294 Hilda; or, The False Vow. 10
928 Lady Hutton's Ward. 20
928 Hilda; or, The False Vow. (Large type edition). 20
295 A Woman's War. 10
952 A Woman's War. (Large type edition). 20
296 A Rose in Thorns. 10
297 Hilary's Folly; or, Her Marriage Vow. 10
953 Hilary's Folly; or, Her Marriage Vow. (Large type edition). 20
299 The Fatal Lilies, and A Bride from the Sea. 10
300 A Gilded Sin, and A Bridge of Love. 10

- 303 Ingledew House, and More Bitter than Death. 10
304 In Cupid's Net. 10
305 A Dead Heart, and Lady Gwendoline's Dream. 10
306 A Golden Dawn, and Love for a Day. 10
307 Two Kisses, and Like no Other Love. 10
308 Beyond Pardon. 20
322 A Woman's Love-Story. 10
323 A Willful Maid. 20
411 A Bitter Atonement. 20
433 My Sister Kate. 10
459 A Woman's Temptation. (Large type edition). 20
951 A Woman's Temptation. 10
460 Under a Shadow. 20
465 The Earl's Atonement. 20
466 Between Two Loves. 20
467 A Struggle for a Ring. 20
469 Lady Damer's Secret; or, A Guiding Star. 20
470 Evelyn's Folly. 20
471 Thrown on the World. 20
476 Between Two Sins; or, Married in Haste. 10
516 Put Asunder; or, Lady Castlemaine's Divorce. 20
576 Her Martyrdom. 20
626 A Fair Mystery. 20
741 The Heiress of Hilldrop; or, The Romance of a Young Girl. 20
745 For Another's Sin; or, A Struggle for Love. 20
792 Set in Diamonds. 20
821 The World Between Them. 20
853 A True Mardalen. 20
854 A Woman's Error. 20
922 Marjorie. 20
924 "Twixt Smile and Tear. 20
927 Sweet Cymbeline. 20
929 The Belle of Lynn; or, The Miller's Daughter. 20
931 Lady Diana's Pride. 20
949 Claribel's Love Story; or, Love's Hidden Depths. 20
958 A Haunted Life; or, Her Terrible Sin. 20
969 The Mystery of Colde Fell; or, Not Proven. 20
973 The Squire's Darling. 20
975 A Dark Marriage Morn. 20
978 Her Second Love. 20
982 The Duke's Secret. 20
985 On Her Wedding Morn, and The Mystery of the Holly-Tree 20
988 The Shattered Idol, and Letty Leigh. 20
990 The Earl's Error, and Arnold's Promise. 20
995 An Unnatural Bondage, and That Beautiful Lady. 20
1006 His Wife's Judgment. 20
1008 A Thorn in Her Heart. 20
1010 Golden Gates. 20
1012 A Nameless Sin. 20
1014 A Mad Love. 20
1031 Irene's Vow. 20
1052 Signa's Sweetheart. 20
1091 A Modern Cinderella. 10

Charlotte Bronte's Works.

- 15 Jane Eyre. 20
57 Shirley. 20
944 The Professor. 20

Rhoda Broughton's Works.

- 86 Belinda. 20
101 Second Thoughts. 20
227 Nancy. 20
645 Mrs. Smith of Longmans. 10
758 "Good-bye, Sweetheart!" 20
765 Not Wisely, But Too Well. 20
767 Joan. 20
768 Red as a Rose is She. 20
769 Cometh Up as a Flower. 20
862 Betty's Visions. 10
894 Doctor Cupid. 20

Mary E. Bryan's Works.

- 731 The Bayou Bride. 20
857 Kildee; or, The Sphinx of the Red House. 1st half. 20
857 Kildee; or, The Sphinx of the Red House. 2d half. 20

Robert Buchanan's Works.

- 145 "Storm-Beaten:" God and The Man..... 20
 154 Annan Water..... 20
 181 The New Abeldar..... 10
 398 Matt: A Tale of a Caravan..... 10
 646 The Master of the Mine..... 20
 892 That Winter Night; or, Love's Victory..... 10
 1074 Stormy Waters..... 20
 1104 The Heir of Linne..... 20

Captain Fred Burnaby's Works.

- 375 A Ride to Khiva..... 20
 384 On Horseback Through Asia Minor..... 20

E. Fairfax Byrre's Works.

- 521 Entangled..... 20
 538 A Fair Country Maid..... 20

Hall Caine's Works.

- 445 The Shadow of a Crime..... 20
 520 She's All the World to Me..... 10

Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron's Works.

- 595 A North Country Maid..... 20
 796 In a Grass Country..... 20
 891 Vera Nevill; or, Poor Wisdom's Chance..... 20
 912 Pure Gold. 1st half..... 20
 912 Pure Gold. 2d half..... 20
 963 Worth Winning..... 20
 1025 Daisy's Dilemma..... 20
 1028 A Devout Lover; or, A Wasted Love..... 20
 1070 A Life's Mistake..... 20

Rosa Nouchette Carey's Works.

- 215 Not Like Other Girls..... 20
 396 Robert Ord's Atonement..... 20
 551 Barbara Heathcote's Trial. 1st half..... 20
 551 Barbara Heathcote's Trial. 2d half..... 20
 608 For Lilius. 1st half..... 20
 608 For Lilius. 2d half..... 20
 930 Uncle Max. 1st half..... 20
 930 Uncle Max. 2d half..... 20
 932 Queenie's Whim. 1st half..... 20
 932 Queenie's Whim. 2d half..... 20
 934 Wooded and Married. 1st half..... 20
 934 Wooded and Married. 2d half..... 20
 936 Nellie's Memories. 1st half..... 20
 936 Nellie's Memories. 2d half..... 20
 961 Wee Wife..... 20
 1033 Esther: A Story for Girls..... 20
 1064 Only the Governess..... 20

Lewis Carroll's Works.

- 462 Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. Illustrated by John Tenniel..... 20
 789 Through the Looking-Glass, and What Alice Found There. Illustrated by John Tenniel..... 20

Wilkie Collins's Works.

- 52 The New Magdalen..... 10
 102 The Moonstone..... 20
 167 Heart and Science..... 20
 168 No Thoroughfare. By Dickens and Collins..... 10
 175 Love's Random Shot, and Other Stories..... 10
 233 "I Say No;" or, The Love-Letter Answered..... 20
 508 The Girl at the Gate..... 10
 591 The Queen of Hearts..... 20
 613 The Ghost's Touch, and Percy and the Prophet..... 10
 623 My Lady's Money..... 10
 701 The Woman in White. 1st half..... 20
 701 The Woman in White. 2d half..... 20
 702 Man and Wife. 1st half..... 20
 702 Man and Wife. 2d half..... 20
 764 The Evil Genius..... 20
 806 The Guilty River..... 20
 946 The Dead Secret..... 20
 977 The Haunted Hotel..... 20
 1029 Armadale. 1st half..... 20
 1029 Armadale. 2d half..... 20
 1095 The Legacy of Cain..... 20
 1119 No Name. 1st half..... 20
 1119 No Name. 2d half..... 20

Mabel Collins's Works.

- 749 Lord Vaneourt's Daughter..... 20
 828 The Prettiest Woman in Warsaw..... 20

Hugh Conway's Works.

- 240 Called Back..... 10
 251 The Daughter of the Stars, and Other Tales..... 10
 301 Dark Days..... 10
 302 The Blatchford Bequest..... 10
 502 Carriston's Gift..... 10
 525 Paul Vargas, and Other Stories..... 10
 543 A Family Affair..... 20
 601 Slings and Arrows, and Other Stories..... 10
 711 A Cardinal Sin..... 20
 804 Living or Dead..... 20
 830 Bound by a Spell..... 20

J. Fenimore Cooper's Works.

- 60 The Last of the Mohicans..... 20
 63 The Spy..... 20
 309 The Pathfinder..... 20
 310 The Prairie..... 20
 318 The Pioneers; or, The Sources of the Susquehanna..... 20
 349 The Two Admirals..... 20
 359 The Water-Witch..... 20
 361 The Red Rover..... 20
 373 Wing and Wing..... 20
 378 Homeward Bound; or, The Chase..... 20
 379 Home as Found. (Sequel to "Homeward Bound")..... 20
 380 Wyandotté; or, The Hutted Knoll..... 20
 385 The Headsman; or, The Ab-bave des Vignerons..... 20
 394 The Bravo..... 20
 397 Lionel Lincoln; or, The Leag-uer of Boston..... 20

- 400 The Wept of Wish-Ton-Wish..... 20
 413 Afloat and Ashore..... 20
 414 Miles Wallingford. (Sequel to "Afloat and Ashore")..... 20
 415 The Ways of the Hour..... 20
 416 Jack Tier; or, The Florida Reef..... 20
 419 The Chainbearer; or, The Little-page Manuscripts..... 20
 420 Satanstoe; or, The Littlepage Manuscripts..... 20
 421 The Redskins; or, Indian and Injin. Being the conclusion of the Littlepage Manuscripts..... 20
 422 Precaution..... 20
 423 The Sea Lions; or, The Lost Sealers..... 20
 424 Mercedes of Castile; or, The Voyage to Cathay..... 20
 425 The Oak-Openings; or, The Bee-Hunter..... 20
 431 The Monikins..... 20
 1062 The Deerslayer; or, The First War-Path. 1st half..... 20
 1062 The Deerslayer; or, The First War-Path. 2d half..... 20

Marie Corelli's Works.

- 1068 Vendetta! or, The Story of One Forgotten..... 20
 1131 Thelma. 1st half..... 20
 1131 Thelma. 2d half..... 20

Georgiana M. Craik's Works.

- 450 Godfrey Helstone..... 20
 606 Mrs. Hollyer..... 20

B. M. Croker's Works.

- 207 Pretty Miss Neville..... 20
 260 Proper Pride..... 10
 412 Some One Else..... 20
 1124 Diana Barrington..... 20

May Crommelin's Works.

- 452 In the West Country..... 20
 619 Joy; or, The Light of Cold-Home Ford..... 20
 647 Goblin Gold..... 10

Alphonse Daudet's Works.

- 534 Jack..... 20
 574 The Nabob: A Story of Parisian Life and Manners..... 20

Charles Dickens's Works.

- 10 The Old Curiosity Shop..... 20
 22 David Copperfield. Vol. I..... 20
 22 David Copperfield. Vol. II..... 20
 24 Pickwick Papers. Vol. I..... 20
 24 Pickwick Papers. Vol. II..... 20
 37 Nicholas Nickleby. 1st half..... 20
 37 Nicholas Nickleby. 2d half..... 20
 41 Oliver Twist..... 20
 77 A Tale of Two Cities..... 20
 84 Hard Times..... 10
 91 Barnaby Rudge. 1st half..... 20
 91 Barnaby Rudge. 2d half..... 20
 94 Little Dorrit. 1st half..... 20
 94 Little Dorrit. 2d half..... 20
 106 Bleak House. 1st half..... 20
 106 Bleak House. 2d half..... 20
 107 Dombey and Son. 1st half..... 20
 107 Dombey and Son. 2d half..... 20
 108 The Cricket on the Hearth, and Doctor Marigold..... 10
 131 Our Mutual Friend. 1st half..... 20
 131 Our Mutual Friend. 2d half..... 20
 132 Master Humphrey's Clock..... 10
 132 The Uncommercial Traveler..... 20
 168 No Thoroughfare. By Dickens and Collins..... 10
 169 The Haunted Man..... 10
 437 Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit. 1st half..... 20
 437 Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit. 2d half..... 20
 439 Great Expectations..... 20
 440 Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings..... 10
 447 American Notes..... 20
 448 Pictures From Italy, and The Mudfog Papers, &c..... 20
 454 The Mystery of Edwin Drood..... 20
 456 Sketches by Boz. Illustrative of Every-day Life and Every-day People..... 20
 676 A Child's History of England..... 20

Sarah Doudney's Works.

- 338 The Family Difficulty..... 10
 679 Where Two Ways Meet..... 10

F. Du Boisgobey's Works.

- 82 Sealed Lips..... 20
 104 The Coral Pin. 1st half..... 20
 104 The Coral Pin. 2d half..... 20
 264 Piédouche, a French Detective..... 10
 328 Babiolo, the Pretty Milliner. 1st half..... 20
 328 Babiolo, the Pretty Milliner. 2d half..... 20
 453 The Lottery Ticket..... 20
 475 The Prima Donna's Husband..... 20
 522 Zig-Zag, the Clown; or, The Steel Gauntlets..... 20
 523 The Consequences of a Duel. A Parisian Romance..... 20
 648 The Angel of the Bells..... 20
 697 The Pretty Jailer. 1st half..... 20
 697 The Pretty Jailer. 2d half..... 20
 699 The Sculptor's Daughter. 1st half..... 20
 699 The Sculptor's Daughter. 2d half..... 20
 782 The Closed Door. 1st half..... 20
 782 The Closed Door. 2d half..... 20
 851 The Cry of Blood. 1st half..... 20
 851 The Cry of Blood. 2d half..... 20
 918 The Red Band. 1st half..... 20
 918 The Red Band. 2d half..... 20
 942 Cash on Delivery..... 20
 1076 The Mystery of an Omnibus..... 20
 1080 Bertha's Secret. 1st half..... 20
 1080 Bertha's Secret. 2d half..... 20
 1082 The Severed Hand. 1st half..... 20
 1082 The Severed Hand. 2d half..... 20

- 1085 The Matapan Affair. 1st half..... 20
 1085 The Matapan Affair. 2d half..... 20
 1088 The Old Age of Monsieur Le-coq. 1st half..... 20
 1088 The Old Age of Monsieur Le-coq. 2d half..... 20

"The Duchess's" Works.

- 2 Molly Bawn..... 20
 6 Portia..... 20
 14 Airy Fairy Lillian..... 10
 16 Phyllis..... 20
 25 Mrs. Geoffrey. (Large type edition)..... 20
 950 Mrs. Geoffrey..... 10
 29 Beauty's Daughters..... 10
 30 Faith and Unfaith..... 20
 118 Lays. Lord Berresford, and Eric Dering..... 10
 119 Monica, and A Rose Distill'd..... 10
 123 Sweet is True Love..... 10
 129 Rossmoyne..... 10
 134 The Witching Hour, and Other Stories..... 10
 136 "That Last Rehearsal," and Other Tales..... 10
 166 Moonshine and Marguerites..... 10
 171 Fortune's Wheel, and Other Stories..... 10
 284 Doris..... 10
 312 A Week's Amusement; or, A Week in Killarney..... 10
 342 The Baby, and One New Year's Eve..... 10
 390 Mildred Trevanion..... 10
 404 In Durance Vile, and Other Stories..... 10
 486 Dick's Sweetheart..... 20
 494 A Maiden All Forlorn, and Barbara..... 10
 517 A Passive Crime, and Other Stories..... 10
 541 "As It Fell Upon a Day,"..... 10
 733 Lady Brankmere..... 20
 771 A Mental Struggle..... 20
 785 The Haunted Chamber..... 10
 862 Ugly Barrington..... 10
 875 Lady Valworth's Diamonds..... 20
 1009 In an Evil Hour, and Other Stories..... 20
 1016 A Modern Circe..... 20
 1035 The Duchess..... 20
 1047 Marvel..... 20
 1103 The Honorable Mrs. Vereker..... 20
 1123 Under-Currents..... 20

Alexander Dumas's Works.

- 55 The Three Guardsmen..... 20
 75 Twenty Years After..... 20
 259 The Bride of Monte-Cristo. A Sequel to "The Count of Monte-Cristo"..... 10
 262 The Count of Monte-Cristo. Part I..... 30
 262 The Count of Monte-Cristo. Part II..... 30
 717 Beau Tancrede; or, The Marriage Verdict..... 20
 1053 Masaniello; or, The Fisherman of Naples..... 20

George Ebers's Works.

- 474 Serapis. An Historical Novel..... 20
 983 Uarda..... 20
 1056 The Bride of the Nile. 1st half..... 20
 1056 The Bride of the Nile. 2d half..... 20
 1094 Homo Sum..... 20
 1097 The Burgomaster's Wife..... 20
 1101 An Egyptian Princess. Vol. I..... 20
 1101 An Egyptian Princess. Vol. II..... 20
 1106 The Emperor..... 20
 1112 Only a Word..... 20
 1114 The Sisters..... 20

Maria Edgeworth's Works.

- 708 Ormond..... 20
 788 The Absentee. An Irish Story..... 20

Mrs. Annie Edwards's Works.

- 644 A Gilted Girl..... 20
 834 A Ballroom Repentance..... 20
 835 Vivian the Beauty..... 20
 836 A Page of Honor..... 10
 837 A Vagabond Heroine..... 10
 838 Ought We to Visit Her?..... 20
 839 Leah: A Woman of Fashion..... 20
 841 Jet: Her Face or Her Fortune?..... 10
 842 A Blue-Stocking..... 10
 843 Archie Lovell..... 20
 844 Susan Fielding..... 20
 845 Philip Earncliffe; or, The Mor-als of May Fair..... 20
 846 Steven Lawrence. 1st half..... 20
 846 Steven Lawrence. 2d half..... 20
 850 A Playwright's Daughter..... 10

George Eliot's Works.

- 3 The Mill on the Floss..... 20
 31 Middlemarch. 1st half..... 20
 31 Middlemarch. 2d half..... 20
 34 Daniel Deronda. 1st half..... 20
 34 Daniel Deronda. 2d half..... 20
 36 Adam Bede. 1st half..... 20
 36 Adam Bede. 2d half..... 20
 42 Romola..... 20
 693 Felix Holt, the Radical..... 20
 707 Silas Marner: The Weaver of Raveloe..... 10
 728 Janet's Repentance..... 10
 762 Impressions of Theophrastus Such..... 10

B. L. Farjeon's Works.

- 179 Little Make-Believe..... 10
 573 Love's Harvest..... 20
 607 Self-Doomed..... 10
 616 The Sacred Nugget..... 20
 657 Christmas Angel..... 10
 907 The Bright Star of Life..... 20
 909 The Nine of Hearts..... 20

G. Manville Fenn's Works.

- 193 The Rosery Folk..... 10
 558 Poverty Corner..... 20
 587 The Parson o' Dumford..... 20
 609 The Dark House..... 10

Octave Feuillet's Works.

- 66 The Romance of a Poor Young Man..... 10
 386 Led Astray; or, "La Petite Comtesse"..... 10

Mrs. Forrester's Works.

- 80 June..... 20
 280 Omnia Vanitas. A Tale of So-ciety..... 10
 484 Although He Was a Lord, and Other Tales..... 10
 715 I Have Lived and Loved..... 20
 721 Dolores..... 20
 724 My Lord and My Lady..... 20
 726 My Hero..... 20
 727 Fair Women..... 20
 729 Mignon..... 20
 732 From Olympus to Hades..... 20
 734 Viva..... 20
 736 Roy and Viola..... 20
 740 Rhona..... 20
 744 Diana Carew; or, For a Woman's Sake..... 20
 883 Once Again..... 20

Jessie Fothergill's Works.

- 314 Peril..... 20
 572 Healey..... 20
 935 Borderland..... 20
 1099 The Lassies of Leverhouse..... 20

R. E. Francillon's Works.

- 135 A Great Heiress: A Fortune in Seven Checks..... 10
 319 Face to Face: A Fact in Seven Fables..... 10
 360 Ropes of Sand..... 20
 656 The Golden Flood. By R. E. Francillon and Wm. Senior..... 10
 911 Golden Bells..... 20

Emile Gaboriau's Works.

- 7 File No. 113..... 20
 12 Other People's Money..... 20
 20 Within an Inch of His Life..... 20
 26 Monsieur Lecoq. Vol. I..... 20
 26 Monsieur Lecoq. Vol. II..... 20
 33 The Clique of Gold..... 20
 38 The Widow Lerouge..... 20
 43 The Mystery of Orival..... 20
 144 Promises of Marriage..... 10
 979 The Count's Secret. Part I..... 20
 979 The Count's Secret. Part II..... 20
 1002 Marriage at a Venture..... 20
 1015 A Thousand Francs Reward..... 20
 1045 The 13th Hussars..... 20
 1078 The Slaves of Paris. 1st half..... 20
 1078 The Slaves of Paris. 2d half..... 20
 1083 The Little Old Man of the Bat-ignolles..... 10

Charles Gibbon's Works.

- 64 A Maiden Fair..... 10
 317 By Mead and Stream..... 20

James Grant's Works.

- 566 The Royal Highlanders; or, The Black Watch in Egypt..... 20
 781 The Secret Dispatch..... 10

Miss Grant's Works.

- 222 The Sun-Maid..... 20
 555 Cara Roma..... 20

Arthur Griffiths's Works.

- 614 No. 99..... 10
 680 Fast and Loose..... 20

H. Rider Haggard's Works.

- 432 The Witch's Head..... 20
 753 King Solomon's Mines..... 20
 910 She: A History of Adventure..... 20
 941 Jess..... 20
 959 Dawn..... 20
 989 Allan Quatermain..... 20
 1049 A Tale of Three Lions, and On Going Back..... 20
 1100 Mr. Meeson's Will..... 20
 1105 Malwa's Revenge..... 10

Thomas Hardy's Works.

- 139 The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid..... 10
 580 A Pair of Blue Eyes..... 20
 690 Far From the Madding Crowd..... 20
 791 The Mayor of Casterbridge..... 20
 945 The Trumpet-Major..... 20
 957 The Woodlanders..... 20

John B. Harwood's Works.

- 143 One False, Both Fair..... 20
 358 Within the Clasp..... 20

Mary Cecil Hay's Works.

- 65 Back to the Old Home..... 10
 72 Old Myddelton's Money..... 20
 196 Hidden Perils..... 20
 197 For Her Dear Sake..... 20
 224 The Arundel Motto..... 20
 281 The Squire's Legacy..... 20
 290 Nora's Love Test..... 20
 402 Lester's Secret..... 20
 678 Dorothy's Venture..... 20
 716 Victor and Vanquished..... 20
 849 A Wicked Girl..... 20
 987 Brenda Yorke..... 20
 1026 A Dark Inheritance..... 20

Mrs. Cachel-Hoey's Works.

- 313 The Lover's Creed..... 20
 802 A Stern Chase..... 20

Tighe Hopkins's Works.

- 509 Nell Haffenden..... 20
 714 "Twixt Love and Duty..... 20

Fergus W. Hume's Works.

- 1075 The Mystery of a Hansom Cab..... 20
 1127 Madam Midas..... 20

Works by the Author of "Judith Wynne."

- 332 Judith Wynne..... 20
 506 Lady Lovelace..... 20

William H. G. Kingston's Works.

- 117 A Tale of the Shore and Ocean. 20
133 Peter the Whaler. 10
761 Will Weatherhelm. 20
763 The Midshipman, Marmaduke Merry. 20

Vernon Lee's Works.

- 399 Miss Brown. 20
859 Otille: An Eighteenth Century Idyl. By Vernon Lee. The Prince of the 100 Soups. Edited by Vernon Lee. 20

Charles Lever's Works.

- 191 Harry Lorrequer. 20
212 Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon. 1st half. 20
212 Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon. 2d half. 20
243 Tom Burke of "Ours." 1st half 20
243 Tom Burke of "Ours." 2d half 20

Mary Linskill's Works.

- 473 A Lost Son. 20
620 Between the Heather and the Northern Sea. 20

Mrs. E. Lynn Linton's Works.

- 122 Ione Stewart. 20
817 Stabbed in the Dark. 10
886 Paston Carew, Millionaire and Miser. 20
1109 Through the Long Nights. 1st half. 20
1109 Through the Long Nights. 2d half. 20

Samuel Lover's Works.

- 663 Handy Andy. 20
664 Rory O'More. 20

Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's Works.

- 40 The Last Days of Pompeii. 20
83 A Strange Story. 20
90 Ernest Maltravers. 20
130 The Last of the Barons. 1st half 20
130 The Last of the Barons. 2d half 20
162 Eugene Aram. 20
164 Leila; or, The Siege of Grenada 10
650 Alice; or, The Mysteries. (A Sequel to "Ernest Maltravers") 20
720 Paul Clifford. 20

George Macdonald's Works.

- 282 Donal Grant. 20
325 The Portent. 10
326 Phantastes, A Faerie Romance for Men and Women. 10
722 What's Mine's Mine. 20
1041 Home Again. 20
1118 The Elect Lady. 20

- Katharine S. Macquoid's Works.**
479 Louisa. 20
914 Joan Wentworth. 20

E. Marlitt's Works.

- 652 The Lady with the Rubies. 20
858 Old Ma'm'selle's Secret. 20
972 Gold Elsie. 20
999 The Second Wife. 20
1093 In the Schillingscourt. 20
1111 In the Counsellor's House. 20
1113 The Bailiff's Maid. 20
1115 The Countess Gisela. 20
1130 The Owl-House. 20

Florence Marryat's Works.

- 159 Captain Norton's Diary, and A Moment of Madness. 10
183 Old Contrairy, and Other Stories. 10
208 The Ghost of Charlotte Cray, and Other Stories. 10
276 Under the Lilies and Roses. 10
444 The Heart of Jane Warner. 20
449 Peeress and Player. 20
689 The Heir Presumptive. 20
825 The Master Passion. 20
860 Her Lord and Master. 20
861 My Sister the Actress. 20
863 "My Own Child." 20
864 "No Intentions." 20
865 Written in Fire. 20
866 Miss Harrington's Husband; or, Spiders of Society. 20
867 The Girls of Feversham. 20
868 Petronel. 20
869 The Poison of Asps. 20
870 Out of His Reckoning. 10
872 With Cupid's Eyes. 20
873 A Harvest of Wild Oats. 20
877 Facing the Footlights. 20
893 Love's Conflict. 1st half. 20
893 Love's Conflict. 2d half. 20
895 A Star and a Heart. 10
897 Ange. 10
899 A Little Stepson. 10
901 A Lucky Disappointment. 10
903 Phyllida. 20
905 The Fair-Haired Alda. 20
909 Why Not? 20
993 Fighting the Air. 20
998 Open Sesame. 20
1004 Mad Dumaresq. 20
1013 The Confessions of Gerald Estcourt. 20
1022 Driven to Bay. 20
1126 Gentleman and Courtier. 20

Captain Marryat's Works.

- 88 The Privateersman. 20
272 The Little Savage. 10
991 Mr. Midshipman Easy. 20

Helen B. Mathers's Works.

- 13 Eyre's Acquittal. 10
221 Comin' Thro' the Rye. 20
438 Found Out. 10
535 Murder or Manslaughter? 10
673 Story of a Sin. 20
713 "Cherry Ripe. 20
795 Sam's Sweetheart. 20
798 The Fashion of this World. 10
799 My Lady Green Sleeves. 20

Justin McCarthy's Works.

- 121 Maid of Athens. 20
602 Camiola. 20
685 England Under Gladstone. 1880-1885. 20
747 Our Sensation Novel. Edited by Justin H. McCarthy, M.P. 10
779 Doom! An Atlantic Episode. 10

Mrs. Alex. McVeigh Miller's Works.

- 267 Laurel Vane; or, The Girls' Conspiracy. 20
268 Lady Gay's Pride; or, The Miser's Treasure. 20
269 Lancaster's Choice. 20
316 Sworn to Silence; or, Aline Rodney's Secret. 20

Jean Middlemas's Works.

- 155 Lady Muriel's Secret. 20
539 Silvermead. 20

Alan Muir's Works.

- 172 "Golden Girls". 20
346 Tumbledown Farm. 10

Miss Mulock's Works.

- 11 John Halifax, Gentleman. 1st half. 20
11 John Halifax, Gentleman. 2d half. 20
245 Miss Tommy, and In a House-Boat. 10
808 King Arthur. Not a Love Story 20
1018 Two Marriages. 20
1038 Mistress and Maid. 20
1053 Young Mrs. Jardine. 20

David Christie Murray's Works.

- 58 By the Gate of the Sea. 10
195 "The Way of the World". 20
320 A Bit of Human Nature. 10
661 Rainbow Gold. 10
674 First Person Singular. 20
691 Valentine Strange. 20
695 Hearts: Queen, Knave, and Deuce. 20
698 A Life's Atonement. 10
737 Aunt Rachel. 10
826 Cynic Fortune. 20
898 Bulldog and Butterfly, and Julia and Her Romeo. 20
1102 Young Mr. Barter's Repentance. 10

Works by the author of "My Ducats and My Daughter."

- 376 The Crime of Christmas Day. 10
596 My Ducats and My Daughter. 20

W. E. Norris's Works.

- 184 Thirby Hall. 20
277 A Man of His Word. 10
355 That Terrible Man. 10
500 Adrian Vidal. 20
824 Her Own Doing. 10
848 My Friend Jim. 20
871 A Bachelor's Blunder. 20
1019 Major and Minor. 1st half. 20
1019 Major and Minor. 2d half. 20
1084 Chris. 20

Laurence Oliphant's Works.

- 47 Altiora Peto. 20
537 Piccadilly. 10

Mrs. Oliphant's Works.

- 45 A Little Pilgrim. 10
177 Salem Chapel. 20
205 The Minister's Wife. 30
321 The Prodigals, and Their Inheritance. 10
337 Memoirs and Resolutions of Adam Graeme of Mossgray, including some Chronicles of the Borough of Fendie. 20
345 Madam. 20
351 The House on the Moor. 20
357 John. 20
370 Lucy Crofton. 10
371 Margaret Maitland. 20
377 Magdalen Hepburn: A Story of the Scottish Reformation. 20
402 Lilliesleaf; or, Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside. 20
410 Old Lady Mary. 10
527 The Days of My Life. 20
528 At His Gates. 20
568 The Perpetual Curate. 20
569 Harry Muir. 20
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1191 The Woman of Fire..... 20
1353 Marguerite Lacoste; or, Fleur-de-Crime. Part I..... 20
1353 Marguerite Lacoste; or, Fleur-de-Crime. Part II..... 20

E. Berger's Works.

- 1178 Charles Auchester..... 20
1188 Counterparts; or, The Cross of Love. 1st half..... 20
1188 Counterparts; or, The Cross of Love. 2d half..... 20

Walter Besant and James Rice's Works.

- 236 Shepherds All and Maidens Fair..... 10
300 By Celia's Arbor..... 20
380 The Golden Butterfly..... 20
441 'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay..... 10
446 When the Ship Comes Home..... 10
700 The Seamy Side..... 20
1702 Sweet Nelly, My Heart's Delight..... 10
726 Ready-Money Mortiboy..... 20
909 "Over the Sea with the Sailor"..... 10
1104 The Chaplain of the Fleet..... 20
1167 The Captains' Room..... 10
1297 The Revolt of Man (by Walter Besant)..... 10
1340 They Were Married!..... 10
1433 All Sorts and Conditions of Men: An Impossible Story..... 20
1448 The Case of Mr. Lucraft..... 10
1482 "Let Nothing You Dismay" (by Walter Besant)..... 10
1487 The Humbling of the Memblings (by Walter Besant)..... 10
1492 The Monks of Thelema..... 20
1623 The Ten Years' Tenant..... 10
1732 All in a Garden Fair. The Simple Story of Three Boys and a Girl (by Walter Besant)..... 20
1748 A Glorious Fortune (by Walter Besant)..... 10
1749 Uncle Jack (by Walter Besant)..... 10
1754 Love Finds the Way, and Other Stories..... 10

- 1858 Dorothy Forster (by Walter Besant)..... 20
1918 In Luck at Last (by Walter Besant)..... 10

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- 893 Forestalled..... 10
1260 Exchange No Robbery; or, Fated by a Jest..... 10
1414 The Sylvestres; or, The Outcasts..... 20
1470 Kitty..... 20
1706 "Disarmed!"..... 10
1714 Pearl; or, The World After an Island..... 20
1891 Doctor Jacob..... 20
1902 Love and Mirage; or, The Waiting on an Island..... 10

Bjornstjerne Bjornson's Works.

- 1359 Railroad and Churchyard..... 10
1480 The Wedding-March..... 10
1546 Captain Mansana..... 10
1630 Synnövö Solbakken. A Norwegian Tale..... 10

William Black's Works.

- 13 A Princess of Thule..... 20
28 A Daughter of Heth..... 10
47 In Silk Attire..... 10
48 The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton..... 10
51 Kilmenny..... 10
53 The Monarch of Mincing Lane..... 10
79 Madcap Violet (small type)..... 10
604 Madcap Violet (large type)..... 20
242 The Three Feathers..... 10
390 The Marriage of Moira Fergus, and the Maid of Killeena..... 10
417 Macleod of Dare..... 20
451 Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart..... 10
568 Green Pastures and Piccadilly..... 10
816 White Wings: A Yachting Romance..... 10
826 Oliver Goldsmith..... 10
950 Sunrise: A Story of These Times..... 20
1025 The Pupil of Aurelius..... 10
1032 That Beautiful Wretch..... 10
1161 The Four MacNicol's..... 10
1264 Mr. Pisistratus Brown, M.P., in the Highlands..... 10
1429 An Adventure in Thule. A Story for Young People..... 10
1556 Shandon Bells..... 20
1683 Yolande..... 20
1893 Judith Shakespeare: Her Love Affairs and Other Adventures..... 20
2043 White Heather..... 20

E. Owens Blackburne's Works.

- 954 The Glen of Silver Birches..... 10
1080 The Love that Loves Away..... 20
1571 The Heart of Erin. An Irish Story of To-day..... 10
1618 A Bunch of Shamrocks..... 10

R. D. Blackmore's Works.

- 126 Erema; or, My Father's Sin..... 20
535 Lorna Doone..... 20
660 Cripps, the Carrier..... 20
754 Mary Anerley..... 20
769 Clara Vaughan..... 20
932 Cradock Nowell (1st half)..... 20
932 Cradock Nowell (2d half)..... 20
984 The Maid of Sker..... 20
1131 Christowell..... 20
1236 Alice Lorraine: A Tale of the South Downs..... 20
1836 The Remarkable History of Sir Thomas Upmore, Bart., M.P., Formerly known as "Tommy Upmore"..... 20

George Borrow's Works.

- 1368 Lavengro: The Scholar—The Gypsy—The Priest..... 20
1379 The Romany Rye. (A Sequel to "Lavengro")..... 20

Miss M. E. Braddon's Works.

- 26 Aurora Floyd..... 20
69 To the Bitter End..... 20
89 The Lovels of Arden..... 20
95 Dead Men's Shoes..... 20
109 Eleanor's Victory..... 20
114 Darrell Markham..... 10
140 The Lady Lisle..... 10
171 Hostages to Fortune..... 20
190 Henry Dunbar..... 20
215 Birds of Prey..... 20
235 An Open Verdict..... 20
251 Lady Audley's Secret..... 20
254 The Octoroon..... 10
260 Charlotte's Inheritance..... 20
287 Leighton Grange..... 10
295 Lost for Love..... 20
322 Dead Sea Fruit..... 20
459 The Doctor's Wife..... 20
469 Rupert Godwin..... 20
481 Vixen..... 20
482 The Cloven Foot..... 20
500 Joshua Haggard's Daughter..... 20
519 Weavers and Weft..... 10
525 Sir Jasper's Tenant..... 20
539 A Strange World..... 20
550 Fenton's Quest..... 20
562 John Marchmont's Legacy..... 20
572 The Lady's Mile..... 20
579 Strangers and Pilgrims..... 20
581 Only a Woman. Edited by Miss M. E. Braddon..... 20
619 Taken at the Flood..... 20
641 Only a Clod..... 20
649 Publicans and Sinners..... 20
656 George Caulfield's Journey..... 10
665 The Shadow in the Corner..... 10
666 Bound to John Company; or, Robert Ainsleigh..... 20
701 Barbara; or, Splendid Misery..... 20
705 Put to the Test. Edited by Miss M. E. Braddon..... 20
734 Diavola; or, Nobody's Daughter. Part I..... 20
734 Diavola; or, Nobody's Daughter. Part II..... 20
811 Dudley Carleon..... 10
828 The Fatal Marriage..... 10
837 Just as I Am; or, A Living Lie..... 20
942 Asphodel..... 20
1154 The Mistletoe Bough..... 20
1265 Mount Royal..... 20
1469 Flower and Weed..... 10
1553 The Golden Calf..... 20
1638 A Hasty Marriage. Edited by Miss M. E. Braddon..... 20
1715 Phantom Fortune..... 20
1736 Under the Red Flag..... 10
1877 An Ishmaelite..... 20
1915 The Mistletoe Bough. Christmas, 1884. (Edited by Miss M. E. Braddon)..... 20
1996 Wyllard's Weird..... 20
2075 One Thing Needful; or, The Penalty of Fate..... 20
2079 Mohawks..... 20

Works by Charlotte M. Braeme, Author of "Dora Thorne."

- 449 More Bitter than Death..... 10
618 Madolin's Lover..... 20
656 A Golden Dawn..... 10
678 A Dead Heart..... 10
718 Lord Lynne's Choice..... 10
746 Which Loved Him Best?..... 20
846 Dora Thorne..... 20
921 At War with Himself..... 10
931 The Sin of a Lifetime..... 20
1013 Lady Gwendoline's Dream..... 10
1018 Wife in Name Only..... 20
1044 Like No Other Love..... 10
1060 A Woman's War..... 10
1072 Hilary's Folly..... 10
1074 A Queen Amongst Women..... 10
1077 A Gilded Sin..... 10
1081 A Bridge of Love..... 10
1085 The Fatal Lilies..... 10
1099 Wedded and Parted..... 10
1107 A Bride from the Sea..... 10